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Seasonable Delicacies!

JULY.

Dishes for the Week.

- Biscuits and Custard.
- Stewed Cherries & Custard.
- Stewed Raspberries & Custard.
- Stewed Red Currants & Custard.
- Stewed Apples & Custard.
- Stewed Peaches & Custard.
- Stewed Apricots & Custard.

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"Bird" supplies the Custard:
Try them together.

BIRD'S CUSTARD is the one thing needed with all Stewed, Tinned, or Bottled Fruits. It enhances their flavour, and imparts to them a grateful mellowness.

THURST.
IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Handbags are Left in Cloak-rooms and the Tickets Given Away by the Mysterious Millionaire.

I was stopped on the Parade by a stranger who asked me to let him have my *Pearson's*, in exchange for which he gave me a cloak-room ticket on the Britannia Pier, telling me I should have a leather hand-bag given me and a present inside. On opening the bag I found inside a Postal Order. — ARTHUR HAYLETT, 25 Queen's Road, Great Yarmouth.

I had the pleasure of meeting the Mysterious Millionaire in Queen Square, Wolverhampton. He came to me as I was walking along with *Pearson's Weekly* in my hand, and asked me if I would part with it. As I did not mind, he gave me in exchange a ticket and key to a small hand-bag left at the L. and N.W. Station. I went to the station for the bag, and found a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. inside. — A. B. GRIFFITHS, 23 New Street, Wednesfield, near Wolverhampton.

I had a profitable meeting with the Mysterious Millionaire the other day, and received in exchange for a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* a useful little hand-bag containing a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. — JOHN GILBERT, Cardiff.

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NOVEL IDEA OF THE M. M.

He tells us the names of the towns he and some of his assistants will visit. The rest will be all over the country from to-day until next Friday.

Don't fail to carry a copy of "*P. W.*" about with you this week.

HE WILL GIVE A £10 NOTE IN ONE OF THE TOWNS MENTIONED BELOW.

Another letter has been received by the Editor from the person signing himself the "Mysterious Millionaire." It is not long, but it is to the point, and contains information of the keenest interest to every person living in the United Kingdom. The postmark is Bury. I give it below in full:

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

In accordance with my promise I now send you the names of towns which will be visited by me and my assistants from July 13th to July 18th.

My assistants meet me at my headquarters once a week, and I give them instructions for the next six days. I like to be able to fix some days definitely, so as to give your readers an opportunity of being out and about while we are in their town. But in most cases my men are at liberty to go where they like and pay what they like for copies. I therefore give you two lists of towns. The first list contains the names of those places where my special men will visit on the days mentioned. The other names are those of places where I have told twenty of the remaining men to pay surprise visits. The rest of the men will get out into country places and big towns, just as they feel inclined. Anyway, all of them will be on the move until they return here to meet me again next week.

You have no idea what a good time I am having.

Your Obedient Servant,

P.S.—I will give ten pounds for a copy in one of these towns.

List of towns that will be visited by the M.M. and his assistants on fixed days:—

FRIDAY, JULY 13TH

SHERBORNE
KIDDERMINSTER
BECCLES
CREWKERNE
GOUROCK

SATURDAY, JULY 14TH

BEWDLEY
HONITON
ROTHESAY
NEWPORT, I.W.
MONDAY, JULY 16TH
MILLPORT

TUESDAY, JULY 17TH

AYR

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18TH

PORTOBELLO
ROMFORD

Towns to which the M.M. and his assistants will pay surprise visits this week:—

Yeovil
Burlton
Derham
Romsey
Gainsborough
Ringwood
Brecon
Newark
Spalding
Kira

Cockermouth
Leominster
Saltcoats
Epping
Denbigh
Lancaster
Dunoon
Honiton
Leamington
Dorchester

Chesterfield
Faversham
Swaffham
Portobello
Truro
Penzance
Ryde
Chard
Devizes
Cromer

Banbury
Ely
Saxmundham
Ardrossan
Ottery St. Mary
Loughton
Shenfield
Girvan
Carlisle
Helensburgh

Axminster
Stourport
Hitchin
Windsor
Brentwood
Huntingdon
Woodford
Lamlash
Largo
Ingatestone

Readers in the towns given above should be on the look-out for the Mysterious Millionaire or his assistants on the days mentioned. Remember that the Mysterious Millionaire himself never gives less than £5 in exchange for a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*. His assistants give anything up to a sovereign. Further reference to this subject appears on the last page of this number.

A list of names and addresses of those who sold their copies appears on this page. A pencil-case has been sent to each person.

DIANA'S NO.



By
CATHERINE M. KERR.

"Alas! how easily things go wrong."

THE course of true love might have run smoothly enough in the case of Diana Mowbray had she

not parried the all important question, and implied "No" when she really intended her final answer to be "Yes."

Dick Reiton, her lover, was, unfortunately for her, one of those prosaic, matter-of-fact individuals who expect a plain answer to a plain question. He contemplated matrimony with even an unusual degree of seriousness, for he loved Diana truly and felt assured, moreover, that she loved him.

In this momentous question of his life he came straight to the point at once, even though it meant the turning-point of his easy going bachelorhood existence. He put the question in the concise and simple form in which it occurred to him without any preliminary assertions or unnecessary expansiveness of expression, so indulged in by the lovers of to-day.

He never troubled about fluency of speech or flowery language, for he reasoned that Diana understood all that prompted the question. "She knows that I love her," he thought. "What need to talk about what is so apparent?"

It chanced one summer afternoon that Dick found Diana in her favourite nook, among the flowers in her garden, and he stood to watch her for a few moments, for she made a picture fair enough to delight the heart of any man. She was unaware of his coming, her thoughts were far away in the world of romance; she was intent upon a book, an ideal love story, wherein the lover made love in a manner entirely after her own heart. She put herself in the heroine's place and pictured just such another wooing in real life.

Then all at once she heard her lover's footsteps; she closed her book, perhaps a little reluctantly, and waited for the realization of her dream and fancies. There followed the lovers' glance into each other's eyes, the lover's touch of hand, a few moments speaking silence, and the question fell abruptly on Diana's ears.

"Diana, will you marry me?"

Diana's moods were varied as her charms, her mind was wandering in the land of ideals, and so the question came at an unpropitious moment. It sounded too abrupt, and it wounded Diana's romantic susceptibilities. Where were the protestations of love, the endearments, the ardour of the anxious lover? Diana glanced up surreptitiously at the tall figure beside her, careful, however, not to show in her face all the love that was in her heart, for she knew that she loved this matter-of-fact wooer, but why, oh, why couldn't he make love in the proper way.

She meant to say "Yes" in the end, but, well, she had a fancy to be wooed after a fashion of her own, with vows of eternal fidelity, with more lover-like demonstrativeness, and so she resorted to prevarication as a means to an end; confident of her own power, never doubting what that end would be.

"Marriage? I? Absurd," she exclaimed, and made pretence of finding the lost place in her book; and alas, he did not see the smile which curved Diana's mobile lips, or the light which shone in her deep grey eyes. The words without the smile spoke volumes, and her tone conveyed perhaps more than she had wished. Her lover came hastily to a conclusion.

"And so," he said, "you've just been amusing yourself all this time, you never really cared. Diana you're just a heartless flirt," and he strode away without even a backward glance in his ladylove's direction.

Little wonder that Diana's pride was hurt—no woman likes to be called a heartless flirt—especially by the man she really loves. Things had assumed an unexpected aspect. Diana had not anticipated such a contingency. She could not raise her voice in protest, she would not now if she could, she would assume complete indifference.

"Absurd," she said to herself, "but he'll come back, I'll wait." And Diana went on waiting and presumably reading till late on that summer afternoon. She waited in vain, for her lover did not come back. She turned the pages of that last romantic chapter of her novel without so much as a glance to see "how the story really ended," and then wended her way across the old world garden to the house beyond, a smile still upon her lips but with the light of battle in her eyes.

The worst of it was that this foolish pair of lovers lived very near together—a stone's throw Diana called it, from her own ivy-covered house to Dick Reiton's more imposing residence.

Diana had been wont to roam at will across the sunlit meadows through the flower-decked orchard into her lover's domain, and he had grown to watch for her daily coming, and to delight in the moments when they wandered together over the sunny fields. Then they had drifted from friends to lovers, happy in the thought that each knew the other's secret.

Now everything was changed. Diana turned her steps obstinately in the opposite direction and took her daily walks in uninteresting pathways and dusty roads, while Dick ignored the orchard and the meadow and went out of his way to avoid Diana's favourite nooks. Alas for the course of true love.

The days went by and their thoughts were ever of each other; a fortnight passed, a month, it seemed so long to waiting lovers; Diana grew uneasy, thoughtful lines puckered her smooth brow.

"Everything has a limit," she reflected; "my patience might wear out, Dick's love might grow cold," but somehow it was hard to picture his love as anything but enduring always; yet the time was ripe for action and Diana was successful. She did not, however, mean to be the first to bridge over the little gulf that divided her love and herself, she would not speak the first word of reconciliation, only by some means or other she wanted "things put straight." She pondered on the ways of lovers, their eccentricities, their weakness, and, possibly judging her lover by herself, she came to a conclusion.

"I'll go away," she decided on returning one day after an unusually uninteresting ramble. "Right away—somewhere."

The "somewhere" was vague, but Diana's future destination was at present only in her imagination. "Distance lends enchantment," she remembered, and she meant her lover to be brought to reason by the distance she would put between them.

The distance might be real to him, imaginary to her, that did not matter, the result would be the same—thus Diana reasoned with a lighter heart. She felt sure there would be no need for actual departure. Dick would hear through local gossip of her contemplated flight to lands afar, then old reminiscences would crowd upon him, for the sake of old times he would come to say good-bye to her, if only as a friend, and Diana smiled to herself as she pictured the silent natural process by which she would make him understand.

There were some things, however, which Diana had not duly considered, and she had yet to learn that man may occasionally act upon impulse or resort to a ruse as a means to an end; moreover, that he may sometimes take upon himself the prerogative of "setting things right" without impairing his own dignity or asking a woman's advice.

Dick had a tiresome feeling that he had been too precipitate in accepting Diana's "No," and he desired nothing more than to be quite sure of the real state of her feelings. So by a strange coincidence he hit upon the same method of procedure as Diana herself.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," he mused, "I'll go away, and if she does care I shall see her coming once more across the meadow. We shall meet and she will try to say 'Good-bye.'"

Dick's lover-like intuition pictured the scene which would follow, and in which he and Diana would once more be made happy.

Hence it came about that the day after these lovers had resolved to put the ocean between them that rural gossip set the ball a-rolling, and with something like dismay Diana heard of Dick's intended voyage to Australia, and he in turn heard that she was off "almost immediately" to America. How terribly distant and unenchanted these countries sounded to their anxious ears.

Diana almost gave in; then she stood her ground once more. For one weak moment she contemplated a complete surrender and an inevitable explanation, then she drew back again into her shell of well-assumed indifference.

Dick's love almost got the better of him; he longed to take Diana in his arms and ask her that same question with ardent protestations of his love; then he scorned his weakness and let the moment pass.

So they waited, each for the other to speak, to give some sign. The waiting grew tense, and apprehension dawned on Diana's lovely face. Each morning they gained new courage with the thought "One more chance," each evening they acknowledged that "Hope deferred made life unbearable."

Obstinate determination at last gave way to desperation, and one morning the early train puffed and panted out of Fairtree station carrying a resolute young man with a huge portmanteau.

Then, reflecting that she would not be behindhand, Diana also packed and made her exit, calmly, judiciously, with a pile of luggage and a deck chair.

Alas for the dreams of youth and the mighty resolutions formed in lovers' minds! As the train dashed on, carrying Dick farther and farther away from the home of his youth and from Diana, he sat and gazed moodily out on the passing landscape, the sweet English pastures, the woodland hills, and the quiet homesteads. How peaceful it all looked, how familiar, bathed in the afternoon sunlight, and he was leaving it all for—"Banksmere," called out a porter. The train had stopped, and Dick noticed with an appreciative eye some well remembered hills over which he had had many a delightful scramble. "I'll give Jack a look up," he decided suddenly. "Australia can wait. Diana won't know where I am," and then he made his way out of the station with the air of a person thoroughly accustomed to his surroundings and with a happier look upon his face.

Diana's train likewise bore her swiftly along; she, like her lover, beguiled the time in sad reflectiveness and mute farewell. "What might have been," she mused in the melancholy quiet of her first class compartment; "how happy we might have been if only—" "Hilldene," screamed a voice outside the window. Ah, how well she knew Hilldene. What jolly times she had often had there. It was near here that she had first met Dick. That dance, how she recalled it now.

Without another moment's hesitation (for the train would have started on) Diana alighted, gathered her belongings, and vanished in a station cab. "Won't Molly be surprised?" she thought, "and there is no hurry about America, Dick won't know and the rest of the world doesn't matter."

So Diana stayed at Hilldene and found some consolation in a true friend's sympathy, whilst her lover was at Banksmere with no intention of quitting his friend's hospitable roof—just three miles apart—all unconscious of each other's nearness.

In the rosy hues of morning, life looked somewhat brighter. Diana sauntered out for an early ramble and, passing strange, she wandered loverwards, while Dick, unaware of her proximity, took a walk towards Hilldene. Presently, Diana rested beneath the welcome shade of an overhanging tree; Fate led Dick in that same direction.

She looked up to see a casual passer-by, then a pair of grey eyes and a pair of blue ones met.

"You?"

"You?"

"I thought—" she stammered, and left her thought unspoken.

"And I thought too," he remarked, and came to a full stop.

"Australia?" she questioned, veiled sarcasm in her tone.

"America?" he said reproachfully.

There was silence for some moments, and then a smile broke over Diana's face like the one which her lover had missed before. Diana had not spoken, but Dick read all that he wanted to know.

"Why didn't you say before, Diana, that which would have put things right?" he questioned.

After all Diana had to be content with a very simple wooing.

A GENTLE REMONSTRANCE.

An old farmer, who had a perfect hatred of taxes and tax-gatherers, was once called upon by a collector a second time for taxes already paid, but the receipt for which he had mislaid, and as he narrated the story to a friend, he remarked: "Would you believe it, the fellow actually began to abuse me!"

"What did you say?" asked the friend.

"Say! Why, I remonstrated with him."

"How did that affect him?"

"Well, I don't know how it affected him, but the poker was bent!"

"Now, Tommy," said the boy's mother, giving him final instructions, "you must remember how to behave at the party. If you're asked to have something and you want it, you must say 'Yes, thank you,' and if you don't want it you must say—"

"You needn't bother about that part of it, ma," interrupted Tommy.

An old captain who had built a row of villas, asked his mate what he should call them.

"Well," said his mate, "this being such a difficult place to get at, I would call them Gibraltar Buildings."

"Why?" asked the captain.

"Well," exclaimed the mate, "it is said Gibraltar will never be taken, and I'll be hanged if these houses aren't in the same boat!"

MET BEFORE.

ALL sorts of sotto-voce remarks were passed concerning the passenger in the pink blazer and the yellow yachting cap as he paraded the deck; but these he did not mind. What really annoyed him was the cool stare with which a tall, bronzed, faultlessly groomed passenger favoured him.

At last he could stand it no longer, and he approached the offender.

"Excuse me—aw," he said, "you are staring at me in a strange manner. Have we ever met before?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I believe I met you abroad—in Central Africa; but you lived in a tree then, and wore a long tail!"

PATIENT: "Doctor, I frequently experience a hissing sound in my ears. What would you advise me to do?"

Doctor: "What is your occupation?"

Patient: "I'm an actor."

Doctor: "Then I'd advise you to get some other kind of employment."

THE surgeon of a large hospital was paying a visit to the patients when he came to a cot whereon lay an Irishman, who was not bearing his pain very bravely, for he was groaning loudly.

"Oh, come, my poor fellow," remonstrated the surgeon, "try and bear your pain like a man. It's no use kicking against fate."

"Shure, you're right, sorr," groaned the Irishman, who had been severely kicked by a mule, "specially whin they're the fate of a mule!"

PLEASANT FOR THE TRAVELLER.

A COMMERCIAL traveller the other night found himself stranded in a small town in the North of Ireland. The landlady of the only hotel in the place put him in her best bedroom.

During the night a terrific storm of rain broke over the town, and the commercial woke up to find himself drenched with the rain which found its way down through some holes in the roof.

He jumped up and shouted for the landlady.

When she arrived he proceeded to give free expression to his feelings. She told him to get into bed quickly again and that she would soon remedy the regrettable state of affairs. He took her advice and got into bed and awaited developments.

But he had not calculated on what was to follow.

In a few minutes the landlady returned, bearing a large tub between her arms, and, placing it on his chest, she exclaimed:

"There, now, that'll do I think. When the tub is full, you just shout again, and I'll have another empty one ready."

Do Railway Companies Take Chances?

Views of Two Railway M.P.'s.

[Both Mr. Walter Hudson and Mr. G. J. Wardle having told their life-stories in "Pearson's Weekly," there is no need to say more about them than that from their long association with railways and as eminent representatives of railwaymen they are well qualified to speak on the subject of this article.]

I.—Mr. WALTER HUDSON, M.P.

WHILE I am perfectly willing to answer the question, "Do Railway Companies Take Chances?" to the best of my knowledge and ability, I should like the reader clearly to understand that my remarks are not to be taken as having any special reference to the London and South-Western disaster.

Apart from the fact that it would be obviously improper to comment on a matter which at the present moment is *sub judice*, I have no special knowledge of the working of the London and South-Western line, nor am I personally acquainted with the spot at which this terrible accident occurred.

What I have to say, then, applies to all our railway companies, and not to any one in particular.

Railway companies, of course, are not supposed to take chances. That is, the Board of Trade regulations and the rules the companies themselves make theoretically preclude the possibility of avoidable or unnecessary risk to the passenger.

In regard to the state of the permanent way and the condition of their rolling stock I believe the railway companies take every possible precaution to ensure the safety of the traveller.

I have seen it hinted in the Press that the wrecked L. and S. W. train was too light in build for the pace at which it had to travel.

As already said, I have no special knowledge of the L. and S. W. line, but I am perfectly certain that no English railway company would knowingly run any risks in respect of the stability of their trains. I believe that the rolling stock of our great railway companies is as perfect as human ingenuity and human hands can make it.

Nevertheless accidents continue to happen, and if some of these are, humanly speaking, unavoidable, others, I regret to say, are traceable to the running of undue risks, and in regard to these the railway companies bear a heavy responsibility to the public.

Speaking deliberately, I say that railway companies tacitly encourage, if they do not actually force, their employees, particularly their engine-drivers, to disregard the rules and regulations ostensibly designed to safeguard the public.

Avoidable accidents will continue to shock and horrify us so long as railway companies persist in the obnoxious and dangerous practice of fining engine-drivers for being behind time.

Certainly a driver who loses time through negligence or want of skill deserves to suffer in one way or another, but competition is now so keen that practically no excuse is accepted for being late, just as no questions are asked when a driver contrives to make up time which, had he adhered strictly to the regulations, he could not possibly have regained.

The capable driver who loses time through no fault of his own is punished as severely as the incapable man, and therefore even the best drivers are often guilty of running unnecessary risks.

Of course, a driver who knows his road as well as he does his own horse can more or less safely take chances which would be suicidal in the case of an inexperienced driver.

Too often, however, experienced men, that is, experienced as far as driving is concerned, are on a mere point of economy or temporary convenience put to drive on roads with which they have no thorough acquaintance.

No doubt they will be asked as a matter of form whether they feel competent to undertake the journey, but it is well understood in the service that a driver will not advance his prospects by being ultra-conscientious in replying to such a question. Then engine-drivers are very badly paid, considering the enormously responsible duties they have to perform. Eight shillings a day is the maximum wage, and only a few receive that. It is no wonder, then, when a driver is liable to lose anything from a fifth to a half of his day's pay for being late that he should place keeping time before every other consideration.

What I have said about engine-drivers applies equally to signalmen and others upon whom the safe working of trains directly depends. They are underpaid, often overworked, and subjected to an irritating and harsh system of punishment.

Just to touch on one more point before concluding. It is being suggested that railway speeds are excessive, and that there should be a maximum speed limit, as in the case of motor-cars.

I do not agree with this contention. It is impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule in regard to speed. Eighty miles an hour may be perfectly safe in one place,

I think that all mechanical and engineering problems in connection with speed have been satisfactorily solved, and, as a matter of fact, if the hauling powers of engines have greatly increased of late years their speed has not.

Let the companies strictly enforce their own rules for moderating speed, instead of bringing pressure to bear on their drivers to keep time irrespective of the regulations.

To sum up, I do not think railway companies take any chances in regard to the efficiency of their rolling stock, but I do strongly hold that their treatment of employees, particularly those directly concerned with the working of trains, tends to expose the travelling public to grave and unnecessary risks.

Walter Hudson

II.—Mr. G. J. WARDLE, M.P.

I DO not know that I can add anything useful to what my friend and colleague, Mr. Walter Hudson, has already said.

My experience of railway life was confined to the clerical side, but at the same time my political and journalistic work has brought me into contact with all classes of railway men, and I can emphatically endorse Mr. Hudson's view that the pernicious system of fining engine-drivers for being behind time constitutes a very real and grave danger to the travelling public. Since the Salisbury disaster I have received many letters from engine-drivers protesting against the system of fines. As one correspondent says, "No excuse is taken, and we are forced to exceed the nominal speed limit at various points or lose a large proportion of our pay."

This seems to me a scandalous state of affairs, and one into which rigid inquiry should be made. I agree with Mr. Hudson that railway servants are not so well treated as they should be, and that the niggardly and often harsh policy of the railway companies towards their employees makes for anything but efficiency and safety. I do not regard a maximum speed limit as either desirable or practicable.

Let the railway companies enforce their own rules and regulations for the working of trains, and there will be fewer and possibly no more accidents from what railway managers call "errors of judgment."

On the whole, I am of opinion that railway companies do take chances, and will continue to do so until an example is made of the manager who places the reputation of his line for punctuality before the safety of the public.

G. J. Wardle

MAGISTRATE (to prisoner): "You say that you took the ham because you are out of work, and your family are starving. And yet I understand that you have four dogs about the house?"

Prisoner: "Yes; but I wouldn't ask my family to eat dogs, yer wusship."

TALKING ABOUT THE WEATHER.

"It's quite a heavy shower we're having," he said cheerily to the man who had entered with his clothes soaked and his umbrella dripping.

"Yes, sir," replied the stranger testily, "it is a heavy shower. But you have failed to remark also the interesting facts that the shower is falling downward from above, and that it is raining on both sides of the street. Also you have neglected to observe that this is the year 1906, that the earth is round, and that there are four seasons in each year. But I am obliged to you for your information about the weather."

And the stranger walked away with a glitter of vindictive triumph in his eye.

YOUNG WIFE: "I'm afraid Jack doesn't love me as he formerly did."

Her Mother: "What reason have you for thinking so, dear?"

Young Wife: "He is beginning to read the paper every morning while at breakfast."

"So you are the applicant for the position as chauffeur?" asked the gentleman, looking up from his desk.

"Yes, sir," replied the man who had just entered the room.

"Are you a union man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, after you have worked on a machine for eight hours and the thing won't go, what do you do?"

"Oh, well, sir, if you've got one of that kind of machines I don't want the job!"

OUR LAST COLUMN.

The Last Occasion on which there took place Customs which have now Vanished.

Bad Days for Highwaymen.

OUR old knights of the road, as highwaymen were called, received short shrift once they were caught. Hanging was their certain fate. The last highwayman so to suffer was William Rea, at the Old Bailey, on July 4th, 1828.

Master of the Revels.

In merrier times amusements were so important that the King had a master of the revels to properly superintend them. Now revels are gone, and the master with them, the last holder of the office being Solomon Dayrolle, who died about 1737.

A Tax now Abolished.

FOR an article coming from one part of England to another to have to pay duty sounds absurd, but on all coal coming to London an octroi duty used to be paid, and the last duty was paid as late as 1886, when Lord Randolph Churchill did away with it.

Whipped by the Hangman.

To be whipped through the streets by the hangman is a queer old punishment no longer awarded, the last known instance of it being on May 8th, 1822, when a man was whipped through the streets of Glasgow by the hangman for taking part in a riot.

The Last Execution at the Tower.

MANY imposing passages in English history have ended with an execution at the Tower of London. Imprisonment there, and sometimes execution, was the lot of the most famous men and women who lost the King's favour or broke his laws. The last great man to lose his head at the Tower was Lord Lovat, for rebellion, on April 9th, 1747.

Marriage by Blacksmith.

WHO has not heard of the runaway marriages at Gretna Green? There a blacksmith performed the ceremony to eloping couples without the usual formalities and in the most irregular manner. For years parsons and magistrates vainly tried to stop it, and the unofficial clergyman was eventually suppressed, the last marriage taking place there being in 1856.

A Highwayman Hero.

IN times when crime took a more romantic hue than it does to-day, some of the most fearful rascals became popular favourites and heroes. The last such emotional outburst was over Dick Turpin, the famous highwayman, who, after a lengthy career of crime, during which he is said to have performed some most prodigious feats, was hanged at York, April, 1739.

Public Funds for Party Purposes.

IT was the rule, and a most indefensible one, for £10,000 every year—long ago it was more—to be granted by Parliament to the Secretary of the Treasury, who devoted the amount to party purposes in favour of whatever Government happened to be in power. The last time it was done was in 1886, subsequent to which year Lord Randolph Churchill forbade it, and it has never been revived.

When Ireland had a Parliament.

MORE than one independent Parliament within these kingdoms might sound impossible now, but St. Stephen's has only swallowed up other legislative bodies of component parts of the United Kingdom, the last such Parliament being that of Ireland, with the eloquent Henry Grattan as Prime Minister, which ceased to be on the last day of the eighteenth century, December 31st, 1800.

When Germans Fought for Us.

IT would go against the grain with us now to hire the soldiers of other countries to fight our battles for us, though this was a thing we used to do regularly. These "foreign mercenaries," as they were called, we last employed in the American War, when the United States broke away from King George's sovereignty, the war lasting from 1776 until 1783, during which we employed some German troops.

Britain's Wooden Walls.

How much of England's glory centres round her old "wooden walls," as the wooden ships of battle were called, and the famous fights they fought! Gone for ever, in these days of steam and electricity and high explosives, the last battle fought for us by these "wooden walls" was Navarino, when, together with some French and Russian vessels under Admiral Codrington, they destroyed the Turkish fleet in 1827.

The Last of the Dandies.

AMONG the other personalities our busy, complicated life has lost is the dandy. By no means merely figures for ridicule, these men, who essayed to be the "glass of fashion and the mould of form," were of splendid physique, immaculately dressed, and excelled not only in deportment and manly sports, but also in the art of conversation and refinement, and were of rare culture. The last of the great breed was Count D'Orsay, who died in 1852.

THE SNAKE'S ENEMY.

THAT ants can actually kill snakes is a hard thing to believe. There is irrefutable evidence, however, that they do, and scientists have discovered that the snake has hardly a more dangerous enemy. The large red-brown forest ant is the sort that is the most fatal to the ophidians, and a curious thing about the attack of these tiny creatures on this comparatively enormous reptile is that they kill it for food, and not on account of any natural antipathy.

When some of the ants catch sight of a snake they arouse the whole community at once. In companies and battalions the little fellows set upon the reptile, striking their nippers into his body and eyes at a thousand points at once. So rapidly and concertedly is this done, that the snake has no chance at all of escaping. It soon becomes exhausted, and dies ignominiously. Then the ants set harder still to work. This may seem a strange story, but it is true. They begin to tear off the flesh in small pieces, gradually stripping off the skin and working inside it.

In some parts of Hungary serfdom of the old Russian type still prevails. The peasant is obliged to work fifty days each year for his landlord without pay, the time to be chosen by the latter, who is almost sure to choose the season when the poor man can least afford to work for nothing. This system led to an insurrection in 1898.

WOULD IT SUIT OUR DOCTORS?

A JAPANESE doctor never thinks of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity of Japan: "When the twin enemies, poverty and disease, invade a home, then he who takes sight from that home, even though it be given him, is a robber."

"Often," says Dr. Matsumoto, "a doctor will not only give his time and his medicine freely to the sufferer, but he will also give him money to tide over his dire necessities. Every physician has his own dispensary, and there are very few chemists' shops in the empire."

"When a rich man calls in a physician he does not expect to be presented with a bill for medical services. In fact, no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, although nearly all the other modern practices are in vogue there. The doctor never asks for his fee."

"The strict honesty of the people makes this unnecessary. When he has finished with a patient, a present is made to him of whatever sum the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, bow, and thank his patron."

In the pioneer days of railways it was sometimes necessary for the guard to run forward over the roofs of the carriages to shout orders to the engine-driver. Traveling at night was generally avoided, though one company adopted the expedient of running ahead of the locomotive a flat car loaded with sand, on which a bonfire was kept burning as a headlight.

BAITING WITH MUSIC.

FISH are regarded as being deaf and dumb. But there are some fish that pipe, others that grunt, and others still that drum and whistle.

On the Danube men hang little bells to their nets to attract fish. In Japan, fish are summoned to dinner by gongs, and the monks in an abbey in Belgium whistle to their carp when they wish to feed them. But the most remarkable story is that which was seriously recorded not long since of an Italian servant who uses a musical bait to catch fish.

It appears that while the slightest noise scatters them in all directions, a musical note, especially that produced by the human voice, attracts them, and on hearing it they stop suddenly in their course. Having discovered this fact, the Italian embarked one morning on the Lake of Geneva with a party of friends.

He possessed a fine deep bass voice, and striking up a national song, he proved to his astonished companions the truth of his assertion. They were able, by means of an aquascope, to perceive the eagerness with which the piscine population gathered round the little boat. Then, casting their nets, they instantly made such a catch as has rarely, if ever, been known on the lake.

CURED BY A STAMP.

"THAT chemist Gettemall seems to have nearly all the trade hereabouts," said the man with the red whiskers, to a resident of the neighbourhood.

"Yes, and he deserves it. You see, like all chemists, nine-tenths of the people who deal with him want to buy stamps. So he devised a scheme whereby he treats the back of the stamps with a medicated mucilage. If you have dyspepsia, you ask for pepinized stamps; if you have a cold, you ask for quininized stamps, and so on. He charges a little bit extra for the stamps, but he holds his trade, and manages to overcome the annoyance of handling that profitless line of goods."

SHE: "Why are artists always so careful to sign their paintings?"
HE: "To indicate which is the top and which is the bottom of the picture."

LAND OWNER: "You didn't pay the rent of the field last month."
Secretary of Football Club: "No! Well, I suppose you'll hold us to our agreement!"

LAND OWNER: "Agreement—what agreement do you mean?"
Secretary of Football Club: "Why, when we took the field you said we must pay in advance or not at all."

THEN THEY ROARED.

SHOOKS was one of those conceited, make-believe bold hunters, and was always spinning his yarns about his experiences in Africa, and he generally wound up by saying he never yet saw a lion he feared. One night, after he had finished yarning, he was a little taken aback by one of his audience, who said:

"That's nothing. I have lain down and actually slept among lions in their wild, natural state."

"I don't believe that. I'm no fool," said the bold hunter.

"It's the truth, though."

"You slept among lions in their wild, natural state?"

"Yes, I certainly did."

"Can you prove it? Were they African?"

"Well, not exactly African lions. They were dandelions."

"MISS YELLITT! Miss Yellitt!" exclaimed the music teacher in despair, to his shrieking pupil. "Remember you are singing an 'Invitation to Summer.' You are begging it to come—not daring it!"

"How did you succeed with that new shoe you invented for women?" asked the friend of the inventor.

"It didn't go at all after the first season," was the sad reply.

"Didn't? But it seemed to be artistic and comfortable."

"Yes. But the doctors did not discover any new ailment that it caused, and of course it didn't attain any popularity."

FIRING TO WIN.

ONE day the officer commanding a volunteer regiment met one of his lieutenants on the rifle range.

The lieutenant was shooting, and he "called" each shot as he fired, without waiting for the markers to signal the result.

"You're a pretty good guesser," said the colonel. "Why don't you admit you're guessing where those shots land?"

"I'll bet you a box of cigars," said the junior officer, "that I can call twenty shots correctly in succession."

"Taken!" said the old warrior, who was nothing if not a sportsman. The lieutenant fired.

"Miss," he announced, and a red flag from the target told that this was correct.

Another shot.

"Miss," he declared. A third shot, "Miss again," he said. Fourth shot, "Fourth miss," announced the young officer. Another shot.

"Miss," again sang out the lieutenant.

"Hold on there!" put in the colonel. "What are you trying to do? I thought you were going to fire at the target."

"I am trying to win my box of cigars," said the lieutenant.

"Don't fire any more," said the colonel, "they're yours."

MOTHER: "I hear that Mr. Jones had the impudence to kiss you at the station. What did you do?"

Daughter: "Oh, I kissed him too, so as to make the people think we were relatives."

A WELL-KNOWN solicitor in a northern town advertised for an office-boy. A lad applied for the situation who had hitherto been employed in the local fish market. The boy, on being asked if he were a good writer, answered in the affirmative.

"And can you do mental arithmetic?"

"I think so, sir."

"Well, what would 20lb. of salmon at 8d. a pound be?"

"Bad, sir," was the quick reply.

IMPOSING ON AN IMPOSTOR.

A NEGRO in the Strand recently accosted a gentleman and whined:

"I'm paralysed in both me 'ands, mister, an' can't work, for I can't grasp anything with 'em. Could you spare me a trifle, mister?"

"I'm deaf," replied the gentleman. "You'd better write down what you want to say. Here's a pencil and a piece of paper."

"Deaf, is 'e!" thought the beggar. "Then he didn't hear about the paralysis."

So he wrote down:

"I've got a wife an' six children starvin' at home, an' ham in a dreadful state of destitution."

He handed the paper to the gentleman, who read it, and said:

"I thought you said you were paralysed in both hands and couldn't grasp anything; and yet you can write."

"Didn't—didn't yer say yer was deaf?" stammered the beggar, who now did really feel paralysed.

"Yes; to find out if you were an impostor, which you are, as I supposed," replied the gentleman.

"Well, of all the blooming frauds, yer the biggest," exclaimed the beggar. "The hidden of yer sayin' yer was deaf, and tryin' to impose on a poor feller."

And he shuffled off, sniffing the air with righteous indignation.

WHY RAIN CLOUDS ARE BLACK.

THE colour of a cloud depends on the manner in which the sunlight falls upon it, and the position of the observer. It will be noticed that high clouds are always white, or light in colour, and this is because the light by which they are seen is reflected from the under surface by the numberless drops of moisture, which go to form the cloud.

Heavy rain clouds, on the other hand, are found much nearer the earth, and so the light falls on them more directly from above, giving a silver lining to the cloud, though the under-surface appears black, owing to the complete reflection and absorption of the light by the upper layers. Seen from above, by an observer in a balloon, the blackest rain clouds appear of the most dazzlingly brilliant white.

It requires the workmanship of twenty men, and the use of much costly machinery to make that dainty article, the thimble.

THE DANGER OF WHITE LEAD.

PROBABLY lead-working, and particularly the manufacture of white-lead is the most dangerous calling. In this industry it is inevitable that, sooner or later, the workers must succumb to lead-poisoning, and there would appear to be no part of the body that the poisonous fumes and floating particles which permeate the atmosphere of the workshops do not affect.

The complexion takes on a ghastly corpse-like pallor, the gums turn blue, the teeth decay rapidly and fall out, the eyelids are hideously inflamed. A scratch or an abrasion of the skin becomes an unhealable sore.

Later on, when nerves and muscles become affected by the poison in the blood, the eyeballs are drawn into oblique positions, and take on a dim and bleared appearance. The joints, especially the knee and the wrist, become semi-paralysed, and the whole form is gradually bent and contorted.

At the New Chums Mine, in Australia, gold has been found 4,200 feet below the surface. This constitutes a record.

PREPARING SARDINES.

SARDINES are caught in nets, and, after being well washed, the heads are cut off, and the fish are sprinkled lightly with salt. After lying for a few hours they are placed on grids in rows almost perpendicular. The frames are then placed in pans containing boiling olive oil. The oil is changed as soon as it becomes too black and dirty for continuing the cooking process.

As soon as the fish are considered sufficiently cooked, they are withdrawn from the pans of oil, and the grids are placed on the tables covered with zinc, the surface of the table inclining towards a groove in the centre. The oil is thus carried to a vessel prepared to receive it. Round the table stand the women whose business it is to pack the fish closely and uniformly in boxes.

The boxes being full, the fish are covered with fresh oil, and the lids are then soldered down. Thus hermetically sealed they are placed in iron baskets and immersed in boiling water. The smaller boxes are thus boiled for half an hour, and the larger ones somewhat longer, in proportion to size of box. The fish are then ready for the market.

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The Powers of the Jockey Club.

THE recent dispute between the Racehorse Owners' Association and the officials of Sandown Park as to certain charges for stabling and feeding racehorses has created quite a sensation in the world of sport. For it means that if the Jockey Club, in whose hands the decision rests, agree with the officials of Sandown Park, the Racehorse Owners' Association, numbering about 450 influential sportsmen, will form themselves into a club that will be a serious rival to even the Jockey Club itself. It is interesting, therefore, to consider what powers that autocratic body has, and what it can really do in the racing world.

For more than a century the Jockey Club has held indisputable sway on Turf matters. Its displeasure is dreaded by owner, trainer, jockey, and stable-boy alike, and its powers are not confined to Great Britain alone. It practically rules horse-racing all over the world. Its judgment of "warned off," which it may make without assigning any reason, and from which there is no appeal, virtually ruins a jockey or an owner's career, for it bars every racecourse against him. Besides this, it is the most exclusive club in the world.

At the present time it numbers only about sixty members, among whom are King Edward, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian. Of the others, thirty bear titles, the highest and most renowned in the peerage; and, in addition, there are some twenty honorary members, including the King of the Belgians and the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia. Its exclusiveness is

evident from the fact that, though there is twice as much racing and twenty times as much business to be done nowadays than there was half a century ago, the membership is considerably smaller.

The executive power of the Jockey Club is vested in three stewards. They meet from time to time, and are supposed to attend all of Newmarket's eight meetings, as well as those of Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood. But these three legislators of the Turf hold a position in the racing world that is unparalleled in any other branch of sport. They have absolute power for good or ill over everybody and everything connected with the Turf. Before now they have not hesitated to warn off many a member of the nobility, whose conduct they considered not above suspicion.

The shady owner and the crooked jockey may for a while pursue unmolested their nefarious games, but the rules of flat racing, as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, are brought to bear, and they are driven into oblivion.

They have also discretionary powers to warn off an owner to whom no racing offence can be brought home, and merely because they think him an "undesirable person."

For bribing or attempting to bribe any trainer, jockey, agent, or race-meeting official, or for surreptitiously obtaining information about a horse's trial from any person engaged in it, brings the punishment of "warned off" for all offenders.

And, of course, to debar a favourite jockey from

riding for a season may mean a loss of £5,000 to him, to say nothing of prestige.

No outsider can form an accurate idea of the Jockey Club's income from various sources; but that it reaches huge figures is obvious. There is an official fee for everything. For registering an owner's assumed name, or for changing it, £30 has to be paid. There are fees, too, for registering a partnership in a horse, racing colours, veterinary certificate, agreement with a jockey, a horse's name, and for taking out a license to ride.

Newmarket Heath alone is worth a small fortune to the Club, for each trainer there has to pay for a licence, as well as a Heath tax of seven guineas for every horse he trains.

The Jockey Club owns magnificent properties at Newmarket, of which the King makes use when he stays there for the race meetings. His Majesty returns the compliment by entertaining the members at Buckingham Palace on the eve of Derby Day.

George IV. started this Royal dinner to the Jockey Club, but he only lived to give two in St. James's Palace. William IV. gave several dinners, though Queen Victoria's husband, who cared nothing for the Turf, gave up the practice. It will thus be seen that the Jockey Club was a flourishing concern very many years ago.

Its origin, in fact, is shrouded in mystery. That it dates back 150 years is certain, and from the commencement it had claimed the extraordinary powers which it has exercised up to the present day.



Don't Accept Any Lover.

As it was five thousand years ago, so it is to-day. The sweetest thing upon the earth is true and unalloyed love. The couple who have true love need no other possession. What care they if the world frown upon them and men despise them? They may starve their bodies, ill-treat them, rob them of house and home; but they cannot deprive them of that precious jewel, which is not to be bought with money, nor easily found by the searcher, that jewel of jewels—true love.

It has power to transform the humblest cottage into the most magnificent palace, and lack of it may make the millionaire's mansion the dreariest and most desolate place.

And that explains why love is the most sought-after thing by men and women of all grades and classes, from Royalty down to the meanest gutter-snipe.

But, though true love is sought by the million, it is only found by the few. Some are too impatient to wait for it, others give up hope of ever finding it, and a host imagine they possess it.

Men and women marry for many reasons. Inclination is one reason, convenience is another. Some marry for a home; others from a blind, foolish passion, from an accident, from a thousand different causes. Only a few, in this progressive and practical age, spurn all obstacles and marry for pure and unalloyed love.

It is difficult to decide who has the most miserable existence—the man or woman who refuses to marry or he or she who enters matrimony without a genuine and permanent affection. On the whole, perhaps it

is the wife and the husband of a loveless match who are most to be pitied. The glamour of matrimony, conjured up by imagination, fancy, or other cause, disappears as suddenly as it came, the joy in each other's presence becomes exhausted, the yoke chafes, the incurableness of marriage strikes with full force, and the poor, disillusioned husband or wife sees the future only as a succession of grey and gloomy years. The vast majority of men and women are willingly, or unwillingly, victimised by one or another of these counterfeiters of love.

And that brings forward the object for which this article was written. Don't accept any lover. Don't offer yourself to any girl. Make sure first that love has really entered your heart. Until you are positive of this, do nothing.

It is the common cry nowadays that young men are not marrying, that the number of women exceed that of men to such an extent that the chance of receiving a proposal of marriage is about equal to that of winning a prize in a foreign lottery, and that a girl should, therefore, accept the first promising offer that comes along.

Be warned in time, dear reader. Such is not the way to find happiness. You will be fortunate indeed if, under the circumstances, your life is a placid and tolerable one; the probability is that it will be just the reverse. It depends entirely upon the way in which you, and the person you have chosen for your life partner, make the best of a bad job. In fine, don't marry any man unless you love him.

To persuade yourself that love will come, that your

lover is such a good fellow that anyone could live happily with him, that a comfortable home will be yours for ever, and that you will be free from all cares and anxieties, business or otherwise, are endeavours to force facts down your throat you do not earnestly believe. Marriage is a lottery to all who do not provide themselves with the means—otherwise love—to secure a winning ticket.

It is undeniable that young men of to-day make innumerable excuses for not marrying.

Yet, because marrying men are few is no reason why a girl should accept the first one who offers his hand to her. His heart may go with it, and it may not. If she doubts whether it goes with it, it is not worth risking matrimony to find out. Don't accept a lover in a hurry. If it is decreed that your life is to be spent in matrimonial bonds, you will have no doubts or fears when love comes. Somewhere in the world your twin-soul is waiting for you, pining to greet you, to take you for its own. You may or may not have to wait many years; but when that time comes, you will not regret the waiting.

There is similar advice for young men readers. Don't offer your life to the girl who of all you've met pleases you most. That is not sufficient reason for binding you both in the marriage yoke. "It is time I was married," says the average young man, and forthwith he goes hunting for love, who goes ever before him and beyond his reach. There is no particular time for a man and woman to be married. Age has nothing to do with it. The only time to marry is when true love has linked heart to heart.

Your Twin Soul is Waiting for You
Somewhere.



I Claim that Coronet.

THE claim of Charles Botolph Joseph, Lord Mowbray, Baron Segrave, Baron and Lord Stourton, to yet another title, that of Earl of Norfolk, and his demand to be declared the Royal Marshal of England and premier earl of Great Britain, adds a further romance to an already lengthy list of peerage claims.

Some peerage romance is always with us. When the Earldom of Poulett is not in dispute, it is the Dukedom of Portland, or some other venerable and historic title. A familiar figure in the London streets, in which he used to grind an organ for a living, "Earl" Poulett, otherwise known as Viscount Hinton, failed to prove his case in the House of Lords about three years ago. His strange and complicated story has been narrated too often to need repetition here. As is well known, the organ-grinder did not establish his claim in the opinion of the Court.

Nor has Mr. George Hollamby Druce, the carpenter, of Australia, been able to obtain possession of the vast Portland estates, and the Dukedom of Portland. The claimant is the eldest son of the late George Druce, himself the eldest son of Thomas Charles Druce, who is stated to have been the fifth Duke of Portland. The main contention of the case is that Thomas Charles Druce did not die, and that the coffin interred in his name did not contain a body.

Several attempts have been made to persuade the Chancellor of the London Diocese to grant permission for a certain vault at Highgate Cemetery to be opened, but so far without success.

The claim of Arthur Orton, of Wapping, otherwise Thomas Castro, a butcher, of Wagga-Wagga,

Australia, to the Tichborne estates is still a matter of dispute in legal circles, even though the claimant has been dead some years.

His case, however, collapsed after 103 days had been devoted to considering his claims, and after a new trial, lasting 188 days, and costing £55,315, he was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment with hard labour for perjury.

Many audacious claims have been made by would-be aristocrats. The death of the second Earl of Crawford without issue resulted in a number of relatives claiming the right of succession. Before the matter was decided, a disastrous fire occurred at the late earl's family residence. Amongst the crowd thus attracted were a couple of adventurous rascals, one of whom was named John Crawford. This precious pair noticed the servants remove a very old bureau to a safe place in an outhouse.

Breaking this open in the search for valuables, they found instead a packet of letters marked "James Crawford." This gave John Crawford an idea. Manipulating the letters so as to show that the son and heir of James Crawford was John Crawford, he replaced them in the bureau before the theft was discovered.

With great skill and ingenuity, he manufactured others, and, in fact, so imposed upon the tenants of the estate, that they presented him with a large sum of money to defray the cost of his claim. It looked like succeeding, too, until the rogues disagreed as to a share of the spoil, when the disappointed one gave the whole show away.

About the Most Memorable Claims to Earldoms and
Peerages Within Recent Years.

Hardly less extraordinary was the notorious Banbury peerage case. The Earl, whose death led to a lawsuit, died at the age of 92. Under the usual circumstances the estates, but not the title, would have passed to the next-of-kin, as he was reputed to have died childless. His widow, a lady of sixty years, and who, almost immediately after his death, had married Lord Vaux, astonished the world, however, by bringing forward a boy whom she declared to be the Earl of Banbury, and the heir to the estates.

She swore that the boy's birth had been concealed out of deference to the wishes of her husband. Her ladyship's evidence was supported by a large number of witnesses, but, unfortunately for her case, the subject of the dispute became ill and died before the trial was concluded. Nothing daunted, her ladyship immediately brought forward another child, which she affirmed was her second son by the late earl. Again witnesses corroborated her evidence, although a rumour was current that both boys were the sons of Lord Vaux; and finally the House of Lords refused to allow the claim.

The list could be extended indefinitely. There is a crossing-sweeper in the West-end who declares himself to be the Earl of Shaftesbury. To the Buchan earldom, the Kenmore viscounty, the Stafford and Sackville baronies there are claims from persons other than the holders of the titles. Indeed, one noble lord in the Midlands is so accustomed to hear of others' pretensions to his title and estates that he is said to reserve a special dining-hall for the reception and entertainment of such aspirants as they come along.

Picked Pars.

Tramcars as Sick-rooms.

Old tramway cars are to be used as bedrooms for consumptive patients at Liverpool.

Below the River Bed.

Two ancient spear heads were discovered 7ft. below the bed of the Thames during dredging operations near Hampton, at a spot which a Roman army is supposed to have forded 66 A.D.

Alas, Poor Pussy!

Kaiser Wilhelm's keen hatred of cats has been the cause of their being taxed in Germany, and if pussy does not wear a medal showing she is fully licensed, an unsentimental policeman hurries her off to the lethal chamber.

Birds Defend Their Nest.

Annoyed by swallows building over his windows, a Haywards Heath resident knocked down the nest with a prop. The birds replaced the nest, and when the man again attempted to remove it he was surrounded by a number of swallows and martins, who attempted to peck at his eyes and face.

A Tree Inside a Church.

The parish church of Kempsey, Worcestershire, contains a chestnut tree which grows from the tomb of Sir Edward Wilde. The school children of the village used to sit in the chancel, and it is said that on one occasion their teacher found one of them eating a chestnut, and that he snatched it away and threw it behind the tomb, where it took root and has flourished.

What the Raven Stole.

A boy who climbed a tree at Epping to secure a raven's nest discovered in the bottom of it a complete set of false teeth.

Nine Little Maids from School.

Nine Japanese girls stowed themselves away on a German steamer at Kuchinotsu. They were discovered at Singapore, and handed over to a French steamer, which took them back to home and the police.

Granite Setts as Mushroom Ground.

Recently half a dozen large button mushrooms were found growing between the granite setts paving the Blackburn market-place in its busiest part. They were promptly cut, but in the afternoon three more appeared.

Seaweed Parasols.

Seaweed parasols are the latest novelty. The real weed is used, and is skilfully applied to a background of fine biscuit or pastel-tinted gauze. An outer layer of gauze is then placed over it.

Against Sea Collisions.

A German engineer has invented an automatic mechanism for preventing collisions at sea. The invention is based upon the use of Hertzian waves. In the case of steamers, it will be necessary that a toy wireless telegraphy installation be on the vessels, effective within a thousand yards radius. Two vessels fitted with this apparatus approaching each other in fog, and with the mechanism set, would, at 1,000 yards, give mutual and automatic warning by acting upon each other's signal, which would, in its turn, automatically stop the engines.

A few Items of Fact that will
Interest You.

A Strange Nesting Place.

In the glass covering of a memorial upon a grave in Bury St. Edmunds Cemetery a hedgehog has made its nest.

Climbing Trees at Ninety.

Over ninety years of age, a Pennsylvania woman has just died through falling from a cherry tree which she had climbed to pick the fruit.

Homeless in San Francisco.

Five hundred Chinamen, who were homeless and destitute owing to the earthquake and fire in San Francisco, sailed for China a few days ago at the expense of the Chinese Government.

A Telephone to Each Dining Table.

A restaurant has been opened in New York City, one of its special features being a telephone placed on each dining table so that customers can transact business while waiting to be served.

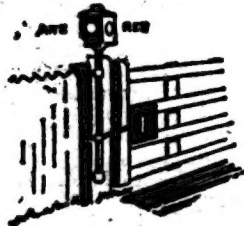
Found in a Flagon.

In pulling down an old room at the Bocking (Essex) Liberal Club, some workmen came upon a wine flagon embedded in the brickwork. A page of foolscap dated August 15, 1783, found inside the flagon, gave details of the building of the chimney by Josiah Reeve, the owner, with the names of "ye master carpenter" and "ye master bricklayer." It concluded: "Josiah Reeve, father of six children, leaves this memorandum in this place. His wife was Elizabeth Houston, of Great St. Helen's, London, to whom he was married March 18, 1778. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

Picture Pars.

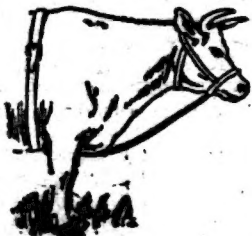
IN USE AT LEVEL CROSSINGS.

This apparatus is often seen at crossings on the railways. In the night-time an engine driver could not tell whether the crossing gates were open or shut, were it not for this simple device. There is a lamp with two glasses, one red and the other clear. The lamp turns by a lever, attached at one end to the support of the lamp, and at the other end to a board on the gate. When the gate opens, the lever is pushed back and shows the clear light; similarly, when the gate shuts, the red light is shown.



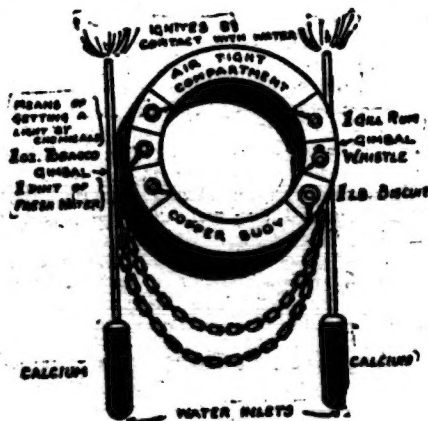
HE CAN'T EAT THE FRUIT.

Horses and cattle, when turned into an orchard, often eat the fruit off the trees. In order to prevent this, an ordinary halter is put on the animal, and a strap round its body; then another strap joins the halter and strap. This appears somewhat like a martingale. The animal can hold its head at ease, but is unable to lift it high enough to eat fruit or young leaves. Of course, spring and summer are the times of the year that this contrivance is required.



AN UP-TO-DATE LIFEBOUY.

The diagram shows the lifebuoy that is used on nearly all H.M. ships. It is made of wood, covered with copper. When the buoy is thrown into the sea the water ignites the calcium and a light is produced, so that at night-time the position of the buoy can be determined.



As will be seen by the sketch, every consideration is shown for the person who has the misfortune to get in the water. Tobacco and rum are some of the things provided for his comfort, and he can sit or stand upon the chains attached should he have any inclination. No matter how the buoy falls into the water the weight of the calcium keeps it upright.

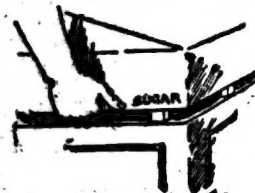
OLD TRAM RAILS ARE USEFUL.

Old tram rails are now being used to make arches in collieries, to support the roof and sides of tunnels. The rails are curved to suit arches of eight, nine, and ten feet in height. They are made in two parts, being joined in the middle by a fishplate. These rails are placed two and a half feet apart, with props, four and a half feet long, holding them up. The space between the props and the side is packed with rubbish, so that the arch is as solid as if it were made of stone.



PREVENTS PINCHED FINGERS.

When marble slabs are put on tombstones they are always lowered by hand, so that they do not get scratched or chipped at the edges; but when they are just being put down the men often pinch their fingers in doing so. A brick could not be put underneath the slab, because when it is taken away the marble might get chipped; so, instead of bricks, sugar is used. There is just enough room to allow the fingers to be removed, and when that is done water is poured on the sugar to melt it. By this means the marble sinks on to the tombstones slowly, and does not get defaced in any way.



What Famous People are Saying.

Mr. B. S. Straus on Success.

Strike the iron while it is hot, and don't give it time to cool.

Duke of Marlborough on Music.

Music has always struck me as the one art in which human beings and animals have something in common.

Mrs. A. K. Green on Artists.

There are two kinds of artists in this world—those that work because the spirit is in them, and those that cannot be silent if they would, and those that speak from a conscientious desire to make apparent to others the beauty that has awakened their own admiration.

Queen Marguerita of Italy on the Ideal Woman.

In whatever condition of life a woman may be placed her first duty is the negative one of not giving up the qualities that distinguish her sex. Above all, she should guard against developing the traits of men. A blending of ancient reserve with modern independence would give us the ideal woman.

G. K. Chesterton on Women as Politicians.

Women will not really be interested in Parliamentary politics, for the essence of Parliamentary politics is wasting time. Men do not wish to govern well, but merely to govern; they like the atmosphere of citizenship. To women I think it appears as futile as all other very long conversations. It is not that women are not practical enough for politics. It is that politics are not practical enough for women.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler on a Modern Fashion.

It is merely the fashion nowadays for women to pretend that they don't fear God or love their husbands, while, as a matter of fact, ninety-nine women out of every hundred do both.

Father Bernard Vaughan on Life.

Life is not unlike a game of whist. Some are playing for riches, and for these diamonds are trumps. Some are playing for love, and for these hearts are trumps. Some are playing for power and dominion, and for these clubs are trumps. But there is a fourth hand, and this is the most important in the game. This hand is taken by the Angel of Death, and for him spades are trumps.

Mr. Edgar Wallace on King Alfonso.

Kings, with two notable exceptions, are very uninteresting people, who do a great deal of work, and listen patiently to a great number of national anthems. But one requires very little stimulating to "enthuse" over the ruler of Spain. Partly because he is the sort of youth that an ordinary citizen—were he, too, an ordinary citizen—would be very friendly with, and would speak about behind his back as a very decent fellow indeed, and partly because he is a monarch, isolated from the contact of common men, surrounded by what seem insurmountable walls of etiquette and tradition, and apparently at the mercy of wire-pullers and courtiers, and yet has broken through the steel girdle and proved himself a wise ruler and a very human being.

Lady Violet Greville on Comfort.

Comfort is man's god, just as fashion is that of women.

Mr. Rockefeller on Success.

The young man who obeys orders and sticks to what he wants is the one who succeeds.

The Primates on Better Conditions.

If English life is to be bettered, it must be through the steady rise of the standard of public opinion.

Lord Monckton on the Public Schoolboy.

Though a public schoolboy will never gain by success in the schoolroom the same immense popularity, amounting almost to idolatry, among his fellows which great distinction in the world of sport brings him, it is quite a mistake to suppose that a boy who prefers study to games has by any means a bad time of it; or is on that account of necessity unpopular.

Mr. Napier Hemy, A.R.A., on Mr. Sargent.

He (Mr. Sargent) made no attempt at drawing; he threw a mass of colour on the canvas for the forehead, and then worked round it, and said things under his breath in several languages. Then I heard him whistle softly to himself, and watched him sway his head from side to side while he scrutinised the work. He lit another cigarette, painted the clothes in, put the high lights on the hair, threw in a finishing touch or two, and the thing was done. It was marvellous—a revelation! Practically an hour's work, but it was the work of a genius.

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A FASCINATING SERIES.

THE DARK SIDE OF LONDON.

By EX-DETECTIVE INSPECTOR SWEENEY
(late of New Scotland Yard).

VI.—A CRIMINAL TYPE.

It is only the law's failures which show us what our criminal classes would be like if left alone by the police. Eternal vigilance is the price of all our social comfort as well as of liberty.

I intend to trace in this article the life story, as far as it could be learnt from eye witnesses, of a villain who gave us very much trouble in the early part of my career.

If readers are surprised that a murderer so nearly escaped paying the penalty, I must remind them, first, that there are many murders which are never known at all; second, that of the murders investigated by the police, in only one third of such cases is the criminal arrested. And last, that of persons actually arrested in murder cases, only one in twelve is finally executed.

This leaves a big blank to be filled up, and if it looks as though the police were to blame, readers must remember that it is only in murder cases that the criminal is really desperate. He is at bay, having nothing more to fear in respect of any further crimes he may commit.

STEALING WORKMEN'S TOOLS.

Richard Barrett's parents were Irish people. His father earned his living as a plasterer in New York. Richard was born in London in 1853. Nothing is known of his parents except that they were very poor. The boy was plain, almost ugly; an affection of the eyes led to the nickname of "Sore-Eyed Dick," which followed him through life. When he was nineteen years old he had become an adept at that meanest of crimes, stealing workmen's tools.

During a single dinner hour he was known to have taken dozens of the cheapest tools from a workshop, just taking those tools which workmen seldom thought valuable enough to lock up. For this first offence he was "bound over," but had to crawl back to the police station to save himself from a lynching at the hands of the working lads of his own age whom he had robbed.

At Edmonton, in 1875, we had to investigate an audacious robbery which displayed evidences of the skill which only comes from long experience. A large house, surrounded by a garden, but not far away from other houses, had been watched for weeks; the two servants had been approached in various ways, but being incorruptible, were finally drugged on the night of the robbery. Entering the house, Barrett and a number of companions, after making sure that the servants were sleeping heavily, secured a large booty in the shape of plate, money, and jewels.

They were just packing up to go, when the master of the house, a strong, muscular man, with his son of even finer physique, made a terrific onslaught on the gang, all of whom managed to escape, with the exception of one man named Rudge. The latter was "put away" for ten years, and rewards were offered for the apprehension of Barrett. Barrett had learnt the secret of disguise, and the best means of escape. Those were the days before Bertillon systems, finger prints, and photographs of prisoners.

During the same year that Barrett had perpetrated the burglary for which he was sought, he was meanwhile committing small offences of larceny and shop-lifting, and was twice convicted and sentenced to short terms of imprisonment. In the following year he returned to London, where again, for petty offences, he was convicted.

Five years of successful burglary in the provinces had made him a rich man, when in 1881 he married, and the same year was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for pocket picking.

After various adventures of a criminal character he had the pleasure of waiting outside the gaol for the release of his friend Rudge, in 1884. Another gang was formed, whose career of three years included numerous burglaries and the murder of a policeman.

WHEN BURGLARS TAKE ALARM.

They received the title amongst their friends of the "Aristocrats," from the fact that this gang distinguished themselves by attacking the houses of the nobility. The attempted robbery of the Earl of Sheffield in 1886 was traced to this gang, although they all escaped. It is unfortunately seldom half so exciting to read how we prevent crimes as it is to study the crimes committed, and although I was absorbed in the "prevention" the details of the steps we took would hardly interest any but a detective. As often happens in such a case, as soon as any unusual precautions are taken, however stealthily, the burglars, or servants, or others in their pay, take the alarm. It was so in this case of the Earl of Sheffield's mansion. Our well-laid scheme to trap the whole gang miserably failed, and every member escaped.

Four of the gang, including Barrett, were more successful in their attempt on Lord Selton's country

seat. During the interval between afternoon tea and the time to dress for dinner very much jewellery was lying about openly, on the dressing-tables. Naturally, it was a time when valets and ladies' maids are generally most on the alert. But a watchful

burglar takes his chances of finding at least some weak spot, some unguarded room, or some unexpected summons which calls the unsuspecting guardian temporarily from her post.

Many thousands of pounds' worth of jewels came into the hands of the gang before we heard at Scotland Yard that a robbery had taken place. Not a second was lost from the moment the news reached us. Telegraphic communication set a thousand eyes on the watch, and we soon learnt that four suspicious-looking characters had entered a North-Western train at a time which pointed to the Barrett gang as the probable passengers.

At Willesden Junction the train was boarded by detectives, and three out of the four, all in different carriages and disguises, were arrested.

Barrett, in the same train, carrying the whole of the jewels on his person, was the only one who escaped.

With three of the "Aristocrats" in gaol for a long term, we fondly imagined we had only Barrett to deal with, and that he would "lie low" for the next few years. But in 1887 the sensational tragedy at Netherby Hall, Carlisle, proved to be merely the culmination of a long series of burglaries, all planned and carried out by the ugly "Sore-Eyed Dick." The story of this robbery reads more like a siege in times of war, than a commonplace burglary.

THE TABLES TURNED.

The gang had come prepared for an easy entry, by windows which they had carefully observed a day or two beforehand. But suspicions had been aroused, and unusual precautions taken. The men had to file and cut into strong barriers, and had failed to overcome the unexpected defences when the household was aroused and the police arrived.

All idea of burglary was abandoned, and escape alone was now desired. With the household well defended against assault on the inside, and the police on sentry duty surrounding the wall by which alone they could escape, they became desperate. Watching their opportunity, they found out where the police besieging force was weakest. The four burglars made a united onslaught on one policeman, silencing him instantaneously, and then strangling him. Propping the body up against the wall, they waited to see if the alarm had been given, and then stole away.

Learning by earlier experience the futility of ordinary railway travel, this time they bribed a minor railway official to let them travel secretly in a cattle-truck for a few miles. The official agreed only because he feared to be murdered otherwise; but as soon as the men were safely stowed away he gave an intimation to a guard, who immediately informed the police.

The position of the official accompanying the truck containing the desperadoes can be imagined. At the usual hour for departure the train started, and was held up by the police at a convenient siding as soon as practicable. The men made a most determined resistance, and although the police were in good numbers not one of them was armed—a fatal omission, leading to many a failure.

Several shots were fired, and some of the police were seriously injured. Rudge, Martin, and Baker were secured, and three policemen tried to hold Barrett. His revolver wounded all three before they allowed him to escape. He ran up the railway bank, and got clean away.

HIS FINAL APPEARANCE.

Now comes an interlude. Three of his comrades had been hanged for the murder of a policeman, in which he had been most closely concerned. His name and description were circulated everywhere. One would have thought he could not possibly escape recognition if once seen by any member of the force. Within a few months, in the very next year, a man was arrested for stabbing another man in the stomach. The prisoner was brought before the magistrate several times, and remanded. As the prosecutor failed to appear, and could not be traced, the prisoner was discharged. This prisoner was afterwards proved to be none other than Barrett, who made at that time an unsuccessful attempt on the life of a "pal," whom he suspected, quite wrongly, of divulging his secret to the police.

In 1889 Barrett made his final appearance on the scene of crime in England. He succeeded this time in murdering his old companion, Thomas Williams, at Clifton Terrace, Finsbury Park.

It would fill a book merely to tell how often we were on the verge of arresting this man, and how we failed. He was fated not to expiate his crimes here. He knew every safe spot, and might perhaps have evaded arrest for a longer time had he remained in this country. He had hidden a certain amount of ready money in a dozen places, and as long as this held out he believed himself safe. His chief difficulties, however, were the transit from one hiding-

place to another, and the fact that he had to provide for his own future.

We watched every friend he possessed, including his wife, and although he boasted afterwards that he had had surreptitious interviews with many of them, and especially his wife, who gave a circumstantial account of his last interview with her, these stories must be taken with a grain of salt. He had quite sufficient cause for boasting, all the same.

After all his many crimes and many escapes he managed to dissolve into thin air, as far as we were concerned. His money, of course, was one of the secrets of his success, and before he came within sight of his last thousand pounds he was lucky enough to find the captain of a homeward-bound South American collier, who accepted his generous terms and asked no questions. Barrett arrived in America, unknown, with enough money to keep him going for a few years, in a moderate way.

One of our men, sent out on a different job, met Barrett in a Bowery drinking bar. Barrett was drunk, a very unsafe condition for an escaped murderer. The detective kept Barrett under observation while he telegraphed to us for fuller instructions, not knowing for certain the prize he had sighted. Instructions came quickly enough, and Barrett was arrested by half a dozen of the smartest New York police. He asked, "What do you want me for, gentlemen?" For reply he was told, "For murdering Thomas Williams, in London." "Oh!" he said, "Is that all? You don't know me, if you've only got one murder against me."

But the game was up, and Barrett knew it. Before any steps towards extradition could be taken Barrett was found dead in his cell. He had cut his throat, apparently with a nail, which he might have concealed in his hair, or his mouth.

I was chaffing a New York police officer about an escaped Yankee criminal. The officer reminded me about Barrett, and I was admitting the marvellous nature of his escape. "Do you know," he added, "after Barrett's death he was recognised by one of our detectives. He had been in America only a few weeks, but there was already an unexecuted warrant for his arrest on a charge of robbery with violence. That man could change his face, his height, and his limbs. Your English detective only knew him because he had disguised himself so that we didn't know him."

In the police cell before his death Barrett had talked freely about himself, and had given even old hands some useful hints in the art of disguise.

(Next week: "A Second Charles Peace.")

NOT A CLOTHES PEG.

PEGGIE NEWTON had been a faithful household drudge for years, and had not grumbled much when her wages were occasionally passed over; but as time went on, and her salary fell more and more into arrear, she ventured to ask for something "on account."

"Why, haven't I paid you your wages lately, Peg? How careless of me," her mistress said. "I'm sorry I have no money in the house just now; but here's a smart cloak that I've ceased to wear, and which is only a wee bit out of fashion. You'll take it in lieu of wages, won't you?"

"No, ma'am, I'm sure I shan't," said Peg, wrathfully eyeing the faded old cloak. "A peg I may be by name, but I won't be the sort of peg that people hang cast-off clothes on—not if I know it."

FATHER: "Ah, Tommy, you don't know when you're well off. I wish I were a boy again."

Tommy (who has recently been chastised): "So do I. Littler than me, too."

ANGRY FATHER: "How dare you show your face here again?"

Persistent Suitor: "Because I could not leave it at home."

"But," said the merchant to the applicant, "you don't furnish any reference from your last place."

"You needn't worry about that," replied the man with the close-cropped head and prison pallor, "I wouldn't be here now if it hadn't been for my good behaviour in my last place."

DID NOT IMPRESS HIM.

A PRACTICAL joker recently made his first trip to Niagara Falls, and a guide that he hired was trying to impress him with their magnitude.

"Grand!" suggested the guide.

"Grand," acquiesced the tourist stolidly.

He seemed to be interested, but not at all impressed.

"Millions of gallons a minute," explained the guide.

"How many in a day?" asked the tourist.

"Oh, billions and billions," said the guide.

The other looked across and down and up, as if gauging the flow, and then turned away disinterestedly.

"Runs all night, too, I suppose," he remarked nonchalantly.

The guide never recovered.

One of the SMITH'S WEEKLY Cash Tickets, the number of which is published in this week's S.W., will be redeemed for £20. Have you got it?

My Notebook.

The Paper-pattern Puzzle.

MANY years ago, long before the picture puzzles started, and just about the time you were asked to make as many words as you could out of Constantinople or Mediterranean, or count how many E's there were in the Bible, somebody invented the paper-pattern puzzle.

The paper-pattern puzzle was a success from the start. It's a wonderful success even to this day; and that is strange, for, so far as I can gather, no prizes have ever been awarded for the solving of the paper pattern. No £5 a week for life, or pencil-cases, or gramophones, or anything like that.

Men have never been catered for in the paper-pattern puzzle business. It's a woman's amusement, pure and simple, and it is worked this way:

Your wife or your sister or your best girl buys a paper pattern for some price ranging between fourpence halfpenny and half a crown. That is called the entrance fee. Then your wife, say, goes to a draper's and buys something that she calls "material." Anything is material. She usually gets home before her material does, and is in a fever of excitement until it comes. As soon as it arrives she clears you off the table you have been eating from or writing on, and she spreads the material all over it. She asks you what you think of it. You say it's "all right," or "quite nice."

Then she gets the paper pattern and a pair of scissors. The paper pattern is a bundle of strangely devised sheets of tissue paper. I believe each of them have different names. I think some of them are called "yokes," and "cut-bias," and "founcies," and "pleats," and "peek-a-boos." But I am not an authority on this subject. These are just the technical terms I sometimes hear Mrs. Notebook use.

Your wife then spreads the paper-pattern designs over the material, and tries to work out in her own mind what the paper pattern means. Sometimes she guesses right the first go. But it isn't often. Nearly always the paper pattern puzzles her a great deal, and she will ask you what it means. You tell her, of course, to the best of your ability in a scientific and yet simple way, and then say you think you will go to bed as you are feeling rather tired and want to get away early in the morning.

She goes on worrying over the paper-pattern puzzle for many days, and at last she makes something to wear out of the material.

But what puzzles me is this: Why should certain ladies' papers be allowed to run these gambling competitions—because they must be gamblers when your own wife tells you she never knows how they are going to turn out—and why should women enter for them when there are no prizes given for wearing the things they have worried over? I don't understand this at all.

And, again, why are these lotteries only run for simple and weak-minded women? Why doesn't some editor give paper-pattern puzzles of coats, and trousers and waistcoats, and pyjamas, and nightshirts, and ties, and collars for men? Why not give us a chance? We would soon agitate for money prizes. We should not allow ourselves to be imposed upon as women are.

If we paid a big entrance fee, and had to go to the further end of buying material, and if we spent endless days in planning out and making our own trousers, and then wearing them, we should want to be paid for it. And we should want to be paid handsomely. But women are so easily imposed upon!

The Antimacassar of my Childhood.

I THOUGHT the antimacassar of my childhood had ceased to exist in these enlightened days. But I find it still holds some sway. I find my Aunt Matilda still observes the antimacassar habit. Aunt Matilda isn't my aunt really. She is only some sort of relative to a distant relative. But she was always "Auntie" when I was quite young, and so she is auntie still. I haven't visited Aunt Matilda for many years. But during this period she occasionally came back to my memory in a legendary, old-time-story kind of way, and I remembered many pleasant things about her.

I remember that Aunt Matilda would always give me powdered sugar on my bread and butter. You boys know the luxury of that. And I remember the round table standing in the middle of the front-parlour floor, with a red cloth on it, and the four piles of books on it, three to a pile, all neatly set out in an uneven way. And I remember the glass vase in the centre of this table, standing on the roses worked in many-coloured wool.

And I remember the wax flowers on the mantelpiece, and the cold horsehair chairs and couch, and the tall sideboard with one sharp corner all worn smooth and round.

That was where Aunt Matilda had worn away scores of bodices and things, during the many years she had leaned up against it and used it as a back-scratcher.

But I had forgotten the antimacassar until I went to see Aunt Matilda the other day. The antimacassar spoilt my day's enjoyment. I had got out of the habit of them. I sat down easily enough, I hope, on the chair in my aunt's front parlour. But I was conscious soon of something tickling my ears. It was the pink bows of an antimacassar. I leaned forward a little and the antimacassar slid down between my coat tails and the chair. I replaced the antimacassar in its original position. I had to stand up whilst I did that. It slid off again before I could sit down. I put it well over the back of the chair this time. But I did not see that I had placed it upside down and wrong way round until auntie put it right. I took that opportunity to go and sit on the couch under the window.

We then resumed our conversation from opposite sides of the room. I kept an eye—a friendly eye—on Aunt Matilda. I kept the other eye—a cold eye—on the antimacassar. And would you believe me, it actually slid down again of its own accord!

There is something weird and uncanny about antimacassars. They look innocent and humble enough, but the devil's really in them. I could see that particular antimacassar trying to break up my happiness. I could see its pink ribbons at each side of my head, as a pair of artificial ears, and making me look more ridiculous than I look in the usual way. I could feel it worming itself down my spine, and tickling the tail end of that part of my body, with unholy joy, when it reached there. And I could see that Aunt Matilda blamed me for fidgetiness and untidiness, and was sorry for my future. I wasn't the nice Peter of the old days.

Indeed, I walked home that evening with the depressed, dead feeling on me of the man who has a bad half-sovereign in his pocket and is worrying how to get rid of it for ten shillings.

And I got home, and went into my little bit of a garden, and sat down and lit a pipe, and thought of the dear simple old soul I had neglected for so long a time, and the antimacassars I wanted to make a bonfire of. And through the smoke rings I went back many years and saw auntie making a cotton crocheted antimacassar that took her many days. There was a pattern of a weird and impossible and even nightmarish bird of paradise in the centre of it, stitched in chain loop. The needle was stuck in the last loop each day when the light began to fade, and the thread wound round the needle in a coil to prevent slipping and unwinding until the next day, and the whole of it was carefully rolled up in tissue paper and hidden away. There was a wonderful fascination in watching this strange bird develop itself, and much speculation as to whether castles, or waterlilies, or green and yellow trees would fill up the odd corners.

And again through the smoke I saw a further fashion in these things. You bought many metallic rings and worked coloured cotton wool round them with a knot on every loop. I remember I made a whole loop myself once. I had trouble in starting and the end wouldn't stay fastened. And then I lost interest in them.

But what's the use of the antimacassar nowadays? We don't use the hair oil in the reckless and prodigal way we did. And the antimacassar means prevention against Macassar oil. Will any lady who has these things in her home please burn them? It will save us men no end of worry, and prevent many of us from looking cheap and ridiculous.

How Many Men are Really Honest? Are You?

ROUSSEAU once suggested this question: If a man in Paris could press a button and kill a mandarin in China and get 100,000 francs (£4,000) for doing it, without any further trouble, would he do it? Rousseau, being a philosopher, argued this question in many ways. I have no space here to reprint Rousseau's essay. If it interests you look it up and read it for yourself.

Here is a modern version of this question. Please read it very carefully. Think over it long and intelligently. If ten thousand pounds in sovereigns were placed in a box, and you had access to that box and could take the money or some of it, knowing it belonged to somebody, without being discovered and without fear of detection, would you take any or all, and why? I will give two prizes of half a guinea each to the senders of the best letters of not more than 200 words each, saying what they would do under the circumstances. I will not print names or addresses.

PETER KNABY (Mr. Notebook).

BOYS WHO BRING BEER TO BARGES.

A Calling that Gives Many Boys their First Lessons in Crime.

THE work of unloading barges in the River Thames, and, indeed, at all our riverside cities, seems to be an amazingly thirsty mode of occupation. So much so, that it has created a new industry for sharp, unscrupulous lads.

Of course, they are not all unscrupulous, these boys that, for twopence a day, will take beer to a barge whenever the thirsty one wants liquor; but it is nevertheless a fact that there are many incentives to dishonesty and bad habits for youths who take up the calling. And it is a profitable job.

If a lad has twenty "clients" unloading barges, and a public-house is handy, he will earn his 3s. 4d. a day with ease, and have a lot of spare time on his hands as well, for even the thirstiest of barge unloaders cannot be drinking from "early morn to dewy eve" and get through his allotted labours at the same time.

The beer-boy has many opportunities of adding to his income. There is always a great amount of "pickings" down by the river, and it has recently been brought to light that many of these lads are subsidised by unscrupulous tradesmen in a small way of business to pilfer systematically.

A barge laden with sugar is lying against a wharf. It is the dinner-hour, and there are but few people about.

In a moment the "beer-boy" slips noiselessly down into the barge, and has soon appropriated a good many pounds of the sugar, by cutting holes in the sack, or staving in a tub. His booty he sells to his "employer," the dishonest grocer, for anything he can get.

But sugar is not the only thing that comes up the river in barges. Coal, fruit, fish, meat, tinny goods, these are all part of the "beer-boy's" prey.

It can be readily understood that these recruits of crime, brought up amidst such surroundings, speedily develop. There is one factor, however, that keeps the ranks of the "beer-boys" thinned, and that is the extreme hardness of the life.

To begin with, the average bargee is by no means a mild-mannered saint, and should the lad be late with the beer, or spill it on the way, or bring short measure, kicks and cuffs are likely to be his addition to the stipulated twopence.

Then, again, he has to be out in all weathers, wet or fine, rain or cold, for the thirst of his employers knows no slackening. Summer or winter he must have his "pint o' four-arl," or his "swipes."

The "beer-boys" have their "combines" like other professions. When pilfering barges, they have their scouts, other lads, who give vent to a peculiar call when danger is at hand.

Many of the people who live by the riverside have their doors open for the lads should pursuit become hot. For among the poor, ay, and among criminals, too, there exists a tremendous feeling of brotherhood. And it must be remembered that among such folk it is not considered a heinous crime to indulge in petty pilfering.

If you are caught, well—you must take the consequences. It is to them no disgrace to be hauled up before the "beak." And a few days in "quod" is one of the things that everyone must expect some time in his life!

Yet the "beer-boys" are undoubtedly an evil that should be exterminated.

"Mr dear, that miserable little beast of yours just bit the baby."

"And the baby's got the measles! Oh! my poor little Fido!"

Have You Got K 8642? Cash Ticket.

This is the number of the Cash Ticket that SMITH'S WEEKLY will buy for £20. If you have not this ticket, perhaps you possess one of the other 282 tickets that SMITH'S WEEKLY is waiting to purchase for cash and gifts. If you haven't got a Cash Ticket at all, don't delay, but write to the Editor of SMITH'S WEEKLY for one. Directions appear in S.W.

A new Series starts in this week's issue. It is entitled RED PAGES IN HISTORY.

The great historical events of the world will be described in a bright and attractive manner. Number One deals with Cortes and his love for a Mexican girl. Some other articles are . . .

HOW TO CULTIVATE A GOOD MEMORY.
MAKE YOUR OWN OPPORTUNITIES.
HOW TO BECOME A CIVIL ENGINEER.
WHY INVENTORS SHOULD WRITE TO US—
WE HELP THEM.

Smith's Weekly

(Dated July 14th).

If you haven't yet received a SMITH'S WEEKLY Cash Ticket, write to the Editor of S.W., and he will send you one.



About Signalling at Sea, and how Ships Communicate with each other.

Wireless Telegraphy is Becoming More Common.

But Signalling by Flags is Still the Most General Method.

"THE British barquentine, *Alexandra*, passed to-day dismasted. From signals made, it is learned that the vessel lost her main and mizzen masts in a violent hurricane, and returned 400 miles under one mast."

Thus, day by day, Lloyd's signal stations report little dramas of the sea and information of the movements of ships in all parts of the world. How is it done? How are these messages made, and how are they understood by persons on other ships or ashore, possibly at a great distance from the signalling vessel? Wireless telegraphy, of course, is put to use on board a few of the huge ocean liners, but the majority of the tens of thousands of vessels which comprise our splendid merchant navy, and the mercantile marine of other countries, depend entirely upon flags.

The Board of Trade, in conjunction with similar Government departments in foreign countries, has invented a marvellous system. This is called the New International Signal Code. It consists of two burgees, or swallow-tailed flags, five pennants, a narrow triangular flag, and nineteen square flags—in all, twenty-six flags, one for each letter of the alphabet, together with a "code flag," or answering pennant.

With these flags any message can be sent, and, by an ingenious arrangement, two foreign vessels, though they are aboard them cannot speak or understand the other's language, can actually communicate their messages.

Unless he is in possession of a code-book, which directs how the flags should be used, it is impossible for complicated messages to be read by the landsman. For ships speak in a kind of shorthand, wherein a group of not more than four flags do duty for a whole sentence. There are, however, many simple signals which convey a deal of information.

Every Briton knows that the Red Ensign hoisted Union down is a sign of distress—an appeal for help. Though it always meets with response, it is not official. The captain who stands by his code-book will hoist either the two flags here shown, or, if a very long way from the help he is asking for, the distant signal which has the same meaning.



Distress signals.



Key flag showing colours of signals.

A ship flying the Blue Peter means that she is about to sail. This flag is a request to all persons ashore who have left the vessel or intend to embark upon her to make no delay in getting aboard.



The Blue Peter.



Pilot wanted.

Should you see at the mouth of one of our big shipping rivers a vessel flying a white, blue-centred flag, you will know that she is signalling for a pilot to steer her home. When a pilot is on board, another flag, a small red and white one, is always to be seen about the bridge or in the rigging of any vessel leaving or entering a British port.



Pilot aboard.

The plain yellow flag, which in foreign waters indicates a hospital or quarantine ship, means simply that the vessel is liable to quarantine, but has a clean bill of health, when hoisted in a home port. The plague flag, however, a hideous yellow and black one, is the most dreaded of all when flown singly, for its message is that a dangerous infectious disease has broken out aboard. When used with other flags, it stands merely for the letter "L," and is so used in spelling signals.



Disease aboard.

Of the two burgees, or swallow-tail flags, one is blue and white, and stands for the letter "A," and the other is plain red, and is called "B." When flown by itself, the first indicates that the vessel forms part of the Navy, and is engaged in full speed trials. The second, or powder flag, is always hoisted by ships loading or unloading explosives.



Explosives aboard.

As an example of an ordinary "spelling message," your favourite periodical's name has been spelt out in flags. The first "hoist" is the code flag

and the letter "E," indicating that the message is not "code," or a group of letters standing for a sentence, but will be sent letter by letter.

Immediately upon these being sent up, the reading ship would reply by hoisting the code flag, and thereupon the sending ship would commence to spell out the message. No more than four flags may be run up at once, nor is a "hoist" shown until the previous one has been acknowledged by the appearance of the code flag. At the end of each word, too, the code flag is hoisted above the letter "F," signifying that the word is ended.



End of the word.

Needless to say, these signals are capable of thousands of combinations, and vessels can carry on a conversation as long as they are in sight of one another.



These flags show Pearson's Weekly spelt out.

MEANT THE ACCOUNT.

WILLIAM JONES, who keeps a shop in a Sussex town, is always known as "Bill" to his intimate friends. Last spring he came up to London to order a stock of goods.

The goods were sent immediately, and reached home before he did. When the boxes were delivered at his shop by the carter his wife happened to look at the largest; she uttered a loud cry and called for a hammer.

A neighbour, hearing the screams, rushed to her assistance, and asked what was the matter.

The wife, pale and faint, pointed to an inscription on the box, which read as follows: "Bill inside."

"So sorry not to have heard your lecture last night," said the loquacious lady. "I know I missed a treat; everybody says it was good."

"How did they find out?" asked Mr. Frodo.

"The lecture, you know, was postponed."

"WHAT did you do when Jimmy called you a liar?" said the teacher to one of his class.

"I remembered what you said about a 'soft answer turneth away wrath,'" replied the boy.

"Good lad! What soft answer did you make?" inquired the teacher.

"I hit him with a gone-bad termarter!"

APPARELLED CORRECTLY.

DICK ROBINSON is fairly quick-witted, but he excelled himself the other night at the club though. He was recounting some holiday adventure to a few friends. His old enemy was studying a newspaper in a far corner.

Dick got as far as "The evening wore on"—when he was interrupted by the gentleman in the corner.

"Excuse me," the interrupter began with a sneer, "but can you tell us what the evening wore on that important occasion? I'm sure we would like to know."

"I don't know that it is very important," drawled out the inimitable Dick, searching for a fitting answer. Then presently finding it he added, turning to the questioner with a bland smile: "But if you really must know, I believe it was the close of a summer's day."

A Splendid Song for Sixpence.

MY SWEET WILD ROSE.

Words by Clifton Bingham.
Music by H. Trotter.

This is one of the most successful songs in the well-known series . . .

PEARSON'S SIXPENNY MUSIC.

"My Sweet Wild Rose" is to be had for Sixpence net at all Bookellers', Musicellers', and Railway Bookstalls; or post free for seven stamps from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

LODGERS THAT LANDLADIES NEVER SEE.

"Mysterious Strangers" in Everyday Life.

It must be a rather weird experience to have a man living under your roof for years, to know that he is undoubtedly alive, to provide him with innumerable breakfasts and suppers, to find his rent lying on his door-mat every Monday morning; and never to set eyes on him from first to last, so that if you met him in the street you could not possibly know him.

Yet this is what has happened to landladies all over the country. Sometimes it has happened in one way, sometimes in another, and the compelling reasons have frequently been romances, or life-tragedies in brief.

A landlady in Deptford, for instance, had a visit one winter's night from a woman—or it might have been a girl, for she was so muffled up that it was hard to guess, and her face was hidden by her shawl. She asked about the lodgings in a refined voice, approved of them, and paid a week's rent in advance.

Then fifteen years went by, and during all that time the landlady and the lodger never parted—and never met. Every morning, before the house was astir, the lodger rose and went out quietly. Every night, when everyone else was asleep, she came back, just as quietly. She had no meals in the house.

THE RENT LEFT ON THE TABLE.

Every Monday her rent was found lying on the table in her room. This rent went on without any variation, until one morning the lodger went out and never returned. That was twenty years ago, but to this day the landlady is wondering who the lodger was, and why she made herself a living mystery.

Unlike this woman, a man who lived for half a lifetime in a Bloomsbury lodging-house never crossed the doorstep in the daytime. He engaged the rooms by post, sent a week's rent in advance, insisted on a latch-key being forwarded to him by registered letter, and took possession of his new quarters after darkness had fallen. Then he lived like a hermit. He did his own cooking, and allowed no one in his rooms to clean them. He never went out except late at night, when he could muffle himself up closely and feel safe from recognition.

His landlady never set eyes on him. He seemed to shun everyone as if they were lepers; and the good old lady wondered, in a distressed way, if she were harbouring a felon, who was hiding from the law. She would have given her uncanny lodger notice, but she was poor, and he paid his rent with unfailing regularity—invariably sending it to her by post, and inclosing a stamped envelope addressed to himself for the receipt, so that she should have no excuse to come up to his rooms.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED.

And at last, when he had become a sort of tradition in the house, several days passed without a sound of life being heard from inside his door. An entrance was forced into his rooms, and he was found dead in his bed.

He was an old man, with shrivelled frame and white hair; and the papers and models scattered about his dirty, neglected rooms, showed that he was an inventor, who had refused to know anybody through fear lest the fruits of his thoughts and labours should be stolen from him. He had decided that the sole way to protect himself against treachery and thieves was to make himself a veritable outcast amidst millions of his fellow-creatures, and trust nobody.

Another landlady had a lodger whom she practically never saw, in the person of a celebrated musician. The strain of incessant practice and excitement, added to excessive vanity, had turned his brain a little. He was convinced that his fellow-professionals had become fiercely jealous of him, and had hatched a plot to murder him, and thus get the field to themselves.

This was, of course, all a distorted delusion on his part. But he was so sure that it was the truth, and that his life was in jeopardy, that he stole away from London and took lodgings in a country cottage. He adopted an assumed name, and muffled himself up so closely that his landlady could not see his face distinctly.

A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK.

Once in his rooms, he refused to come out, or to allow anyone to enter. He opened his door only wide enough to take in and hand out a tray. His rent he deposited on the door-mat, with a note threatening to leave if an attempt were made to find out anything about him. It was weeks before his friends accidentally discovered where he was hiding himself.

Other lodgers, who have lived in the midst of a sort of perpetual game of hide and seek, have included a man who had contrived to make an insurance company believe he was dead, and pay him his own insurance money.

This he had done by taking full advantage of the fact that another man, bearing the same name as his own, had died friendless and alone in a casual ward. On the insurance money he lived, but he dared not let even his landlady see much of him, lest she should describe him to outsiders, and thus lead to the betrayal of his identity. So he had to be always skulking and hiding, and the stolen money did him no real good.

In Search of the M.M.



Mr. P. Doubleyou Interviews Brown of Brightlingsea.

"HAVE you met the Mysterious Millionaire yet, Mr. P. Doubleyou?" inquired the Editor.

The question made me angry, as I had spent a good deal of time looking for this worthy gentleman, with copies of *Pearson's Weekly* sticking out of my pockets, oozing from my coat tails, and bound round my hat.

"I have been looking for him," I said with dignity. "And nearly got the cow!" suggested the chief sarcastically.

This home-thrust made me writhe. As a matter of fact I had been in Salisbury visiting my maiden aunt Susan on the very day the mysterious man of millions gave a cow for a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*.

But I said nothing, so the Editor, with a smile at his own sorry wit, went on:

"You know I'm greatly interested in this man who has been paying such fancy prices for our paper, and at last I've got a clue as to who he is."

"A clue?" I repeated eagerly.

"Or what might be a clue," corrected his mightiness, with a quick assumption of his most judicial manner; "at all events, you shall follow it up, and see where it leads."

HE REALLY GIVES AWAY MONEY.

Visions of cows, clocks, and canary cages, bank-notes, bicycles, and billiard tables, and other things that the M.M. gave away, filled my imagination, and I listened eagerly.

"A correspondent in Brightlingsea," went on the Editor, "writes that he knows for a fact that a millionaire named Brown, who lives on a yacht off that seaside resort, and who gives away thousands a year, is our Mysterious Millionaire. I want you to go and investigate."

I reached for my hat.

"Take your *Pearson's* in your hand," the author's terror went on; "he might give you something for it."

I snatched the Editorial copy, and made for the door.

"If he gives you the yacht, wire me," the chief shouted after me as I left.

I made straight for Brightlingsea, to find the mysterious Mr. Brown and his yacht.

The vessel was pointed out to me while I was still in the train. As it was the 4th of July, and as Mr. Brown is an American citizen, I was not surprised to see the Stars and Stripes very much in evidence.

For eighteen years the *Valfregia* has swung at anchor in Brightlingsea harbour, never once moving from her moorings; but all the same her boilers and engines are in up-to-date condition, her hull is strong and sound, and her ropes, spars, and pulley blocks are as clean, neat and shipshape as if she were just ready for her trial trip.

One word from her owner, and the vessel, as large as many a coasting passenger steamer, could steam away, fully manned and victualled, for a trip to the Antipodes or the Indian Ocean.

Mr. Brown is a famous man at Brightlingsea, and he really does give money away. Scores of people come on their regular days, weekly or fortnightly, to receive their pieces of gold from the hands of this remarkable man.

Many of the pensioners come from London, some from as far as Southampton, and they are rarely disappointed.

But you need not go to see Mr. Brown in the hope of cadging. He doesn't take to strangers, and though every day from four to seven p.m. the water round the *Valfregia* is black with boats, it is only the favoured old callers that get the cash.

"ANY CLAIMS? ANY PENALTIES?"

I was eager. I set out at mid-day. Mr. Brown is a believer in beauty-sleep, so my first call was fruitless. Ultimately, about breakfast time (4 p.m.), I found myself among a fleet of watermen's boats, waiting my turn to speak to the great man. Mr. Brown came on deck, and I took good stock of him.

He is a broad-shouldered, bearded man, who seems to thoroughly enjoy acting the philanthropist.

I had to wait my turn. The earlier applicants, who were evidently strangers, were treated with a good-humoured cheerfulness. They mostly came for relief and assistance.

As they were not allowed to go on board, they had to state their business in as loud tones as possible from the boats.

"Have you any claims or penalties against me?" is the question Mr. Brown seems fond of asking.

"Any claims? Any penalties?" he inquired scores of times, always getting the answer, "No, sir."

My turn came at last.

"Mr. Brown," I shouted, "I want to speak to you on an important subject. May I come aboard?"

"No, no," he answered. "You can't come aboard."

"Why not?"

"I'm afraid of you," was his cheerful reply. "You look too dangerous a man to have on this yacht."

I took that for a compliment.

"But my business is important."

"Well, you can't come aboard, all the same."

"Mr. Brown," I said, rising in the boat, "you are an American citizen, I am a Britisher. This is the 4th of July, the Stars and Stripes are flying at your masthead. Let there be a good feeling between us. Let me come aboard."

My logic failed to convince him. He laughed boisterously at this.

"You're too ingenious," he said. "You're a dangerous man. What do you want? Tell me your business."

I told him. It is hard to make a long speech from an open boat to a man on a yacht, with a heavy sea running. I have addressed crowded political meetings, and have interviewed our chief on the subject of "a rise," but these incidents were child's play to it.

"Mr. Brown," I said, "are you the Mysterious Millionaire?"

MR. BROWN PAYS MY BOAT-FARE.

And in a few eloquent sentences I told him of our suspicion, and of the letter that had been received from a Brightlingsea reader, and finished by passing up to him a few copies of *Pearson's Weekly*, opened at the first page, where the M.M.'s doings are recorded.

Mr. Brown took the papers and retired to his cabin. He was absent a long time.

"I have read them," he said when he returned, "and I want you to tell your Editor that he must contradict the report at once."

"Then you are not the man?" I asked.

"I never paid more than a penny for a copy in my life," he replied.

"Then you never gave a cow for a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*?"

"Never," he answered.

"Or a bicycle?"

"Never rode one."

The people in the boats around looked incredulous, but, of course, I had to take his word for it.

"I may take it that you won't give your yacht for a copy?"

He smiled broadly.

"So you won't let me come aboard?" I asked again.

"No!" he shouted back. "But I'll pay your boat-fare"—and he took a coin from his pocket and dropped it.

Splash! The coin missed the boat and fell into the sea.

"Gone overboard, sir," cried a number of voices.

So Mr. Brown threw another coin, which my boatman promptly secured.

On my way back I heard everywhere of the marvellous man who, as local report has it, gives away tens of thousands annually, and whose gifts have taken all shapes and sizes, from a shilling to a thousand pounds.

At all events I only got the humble florin, and the problem of the M.M. is still unsolved.

TED: "Is that man Gower to be trusted?"

Ned: "I'd trust him with my life."

Ted: "Oh, yes, I know. But would you trust him with 25?"

"Will you please pull the bell?" said an elderly woman in a car to a young college-looking fellow hanging to a strap in front of her.

"No, madam, but I shall be glad to pull the cord which rings the bell," he answered.

"Oh, never mind," she said. "The cord is connected with two bells—front and back—and you might stop the wrong end of the car."

SO ARE GIRLS.

Young Mr. Backward took Miss Flirtington to the Zoological Gardens the other day.

"Ah, my dear young lady," said the young man as they stopped in front of the bear's cage, "what a great many useful lessons we may learn from animals."

"Yes, indeed," replied the lady, "especially from the bear."

"What lesson can we learn specially from the bear?" asked young Backward.

"Oh, he's so fond of hugging, you know."

LAWYER: "Now, see here, before I take your case, I want to know if you're guilty?"

Prisoner: "Am I guilty? D'yer s'pose I'd be fool enough ter hire the most expensive lawyer in town if I was innocent?"

HICKS: "You don't mean to say you got the better of Gabbie in an argument?"

Wicks: "Yes; I told him if he'd give me two minutes to present my side, without interruption, I'd let him talk an hour."

Hicks: "Well?"

Wicks: "Well, when I had talked through my two minutes I jumped on a passing bus."

GUARD AGAINST SUNSTROKE.

By JOSEPH CUTER, M.D.

SUNSTROKE, or insolation, rarely occurs in this country, even in the hottest weather. There have, however, been a few occasions when it has attacked the inhabitants of London, and the residents in some of our other large cities.

Probably the number of instances in which it has occurred has been somewhat exaggerated, for during the prevalence of very hot weather any kind of sudden attack is apt to be reported as a case of sunstroke.

Considering that instances may occur in this country, and that errors of diagnosis are liable to happen, it is well we should be informed with regard to the character and causes of the ailment.

Insolation may be seen in two forms, both of which are associated with abnormally hot weather.

In genuine sunstroke the attack comes on very abruptly; and doubtless this suddenness of the onset has occasioned the use of the word "stroke." Without any kind of warning or premonitory symptoms, the sufferer falls to the ground perfectly helpless, and immediately becomes unconscious.

Every effort made to rouse him is utterly futile; and but for examining his pulse, and observing him breathe, we might easily suppose him to be dead.

His temperature rises at once, and remains at an abnormally high degree until the attack has passed off or is otherwise terminated.

WHEN THE "STROKE" IS FATAL.

His breathing is marked by spasmodic efforts, so that he appears to an onlooker to be gasping for breath.

At first, the rate of his pulse beat is accelerated, but it soon becomes so extremely feeble as to give rise to the gravest apprehension.

The probability is that the patient will recover; but when this happy event does not take place, death occurs within forty-eight hours of the seizure.

A case of this kind constitutes the severe and fatal insolation, such as may be seen in hot climates; but, as we have already intimated, this severe form is rarely met with in our own country.

In the British Isles sunstroke is generally of a milder type, and is seldom, if ever, fatal.

When a person is seized with this milder form of the malady, the onset is not nearly so abrupt.

The sufferer becomes insensible, but his insensibility is not an immediate effect. It is usually preceded by a feeling of profound exhaustion, which gradually passes on to complete unconsciousness.

We should be on our guard against assuming that every case, in which the temperature suddenly rises, and in which there is great prostration, must of necessity be one of sunstroke.

A POPULAR MISTAKE.

Sometimes it has been proved that the symptoms were due to an attack of pneumonia instead of to one of insolation.

The mistake is very liable to be made at a time when the weather is unusually hot, more especially if cases of sunstroke are being reported in the daily press.

The cause of sunstroke is excessive heat; and this cause operates effectually, whether we are exposed to, or protected from, the direct rays of the sun.

In fact, cases are known where persons have been seized by this heat stroke after the sun had passed below the horizon, and when exposure to its rays was impossible.

The fact is that any kind of physical exertion in the presence of a high temperature is quite sufficient to bring on an attack of insolation.

This accounts for stokers on the large steamships being liable to this kind of "stroke." The attack in their case is very similar, and they generally experience extreme prostration and collapse.

It is true that in these instances there is frequently some contributory factor, such as alcohol; nevertheless, it is the intense heat which occasions the seizure, whatever may be the predisposing cause.

The popular idea, therefore, that insolation can only be induced by direct rays from the sun, is a fallacy, and the sooner it is exploded the better, for it leads people to imagine that by avoiding such an exposure they secure for themselves absolute safety.

HOW TO TREAT A PATIENT.

With regard to the treatment of insolation, it must be clearly understood that the nature of the symptoms is the safest guide.

The first thing to be done in every case, is to remove the patient to a quiet room, and to place him on his back in bed.

If the case is characterised by very high temperature, resort must be had to the ice pack, or to the wet sheet pack, and cold applications, of some kind, should be made to the head.

On the other hand, if the case is one in which there is marked collapse, without high temperature, but with a feeble pulse, the opposite treatment is required.

Warmth, in this case, must be applied to the surface of the body, warm drinks should be given, and brandy may be administered to sustain the action of the heart.

When the patient has recovered from the actual seizure, good nourishing food is all that is required. Drugs are unnecessary, and may do more harm than good.

WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?

By ARTHUR APPLIN,

Author of "The Clatter of the Clogs," "Dolores," "The Shadow of Her Sin," "Rags and Riches," etc., etc.

"Oh, since Love is all so short, the sob so near the smile,
Blue eyes that always conquer us, is it worth your while?"—LAURENCE HOPE.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

Frank Willoughby.—Pottery manufacturer and capitalist.

Grace Willoughby.—Wife of Frank. Though married to him for two or three years she has never been able to show that she loves him.

Dorothy Blessington.—A typist. She is an exact double of Grace. Under the impression that Grace is dead Dorothy impersonates her and wins Frank Willoughby's love.

Zoe Galbraith.—An actress in a travelling theatrical company that Grace Willoughby joins.

"The Spider."—An actor in love with Grace.

CHAPTER XXXII.

*Something,
The wind, maybe, or the rain,
Or the cry of a bird in the copse without,
Has brought back the past and its pain.*

GRACE WILLOUGHBY returned to her lodgings that morning in a quietly triumphant mood. She felt that she had gained a great victory, the greatest she had achieved since she had flung herself into the midst of the strife in Banley.

As she stepped briskly along the muddy streets in the direction of home she forgot that she had had no rest, that for a whole night she had been sitting in that wretched room watching Dan sleeping off the effects of his carousal. She was unconscious of the thin, wetting rain that still swept down from the hills, she was oblivious to almost everything, and could think only of Dan's farewell words and of the clasp of Rosie's arms as she had bidden her good-bye.

Rosie was alarmed when she learned that Dan had gone out, and Grace had tried almost in vain to reassure her.

"He don't know what he does when he's like he was last night," the timid lips had whispered. "And when he's in this mood it lasts for weeks."

Grace had smoothed back the thin, fair hair and told her not to worry.

"I don't think Dan is quite the same as he was last night," she said. "At least, he wasn't the same to me. He was quite kind and thoughtful."

A wistful pair of pale blue eyes expressed more eloquently than words Rosie's astonishment and incredulity.

"Dan kind and thoughtful to you!" she echoed. "I can't believe that. Why"—she hesitated for a moment and took Grace's hand shyly, as if afraid that her words might offend—"why, he's always saying that he hates you. That's why I was afraid to ask you to come last night."

"Do you know why he hates me, Rosie?"

"Oh! just because you don't look at things quite like him." He wants everything his own way without working for it. And—and he says you are trying to take me away from him, because of what he says and does."

"I don't fancy he will think that any more," Grace answered. "He wouldn't let me wake you when he went away. He was afraid you were tired."

A faint colour crept into Rosie's cheeks, and the pale eyes grew almost large for a moment.

"I think he cares a little bit," she murmured. "I hope he does—I want him to."

And "The Theatre Lady" stooped and kissed her, and then went her way, with just a twinge of sorrow in her heart at the thought of the loneliness of her own lot. Here in the midst of all this misery and poverty and suffering this strange, mysterious, and powerful gift of love lived and flourished. Grace could see it on every hand. Unthought, it had crept into the heart of this poor pottery girl; unsuspected and unrecognised, it lay deep down in Dan Mullins' heart. It had seized in its powerful arms Dorothy Blessington, it had laid siege to the heart of Harry Desmond.

From herself alone it had held aloof. She had had to forsake all and go forth and seek it. And now it had come to her. She knew it, she was absolutely sure of it. But with its advent came the terrible doubt—was it too late?

As Grace turned into the main street the clock in the market-place chimed seven. The sonorous strokes brought her back to her immediate surroundings, and she noticed for the first time that the streets presented an unusual appearance.

There was a great number of policemen about, while at every corner were grouped crowds of sullen, angry men and women. As Grace looked at them, she saw in their faces an expression that was new and startling. The police were in groups of three or four, while at the eastern corner of the market-square there were drawn up some four or five dozen constables, who had arrived from one of the neighbouring towns.

There was an indescribable air of danger in everything. On every face there was stamped a look of expectancy.

Every soul that Grace passed in the street seemed to be waiting—waiting!

Suddenly she caught sight of a face that she knew—a woman, with her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, bare-headed, soaked with the rain, and leading by the hand a whimpering child of not more than seven or eight years of age.

"What's the matter?" Grace asked, touching the woman's arm.

The woman turned with a start.

"Matter?" she said. "Don't you know?"

"No; I have only just come out."

"Trouble's the matter," was the angry reply. "It 'ad got to be, so the sooner the better. Some of the men broke into Wylie's place in the night. There was a lot of fightin'. Some of the police got hurt. A lot of our folk has been took. They've sent for the soldiers."

Grace hurried away, with a sudden fear gripping her heart.

"They've sent for the soldiers!"

Was it, then, as bad as that? She had not realised, toiling in the midst of it all, that things had come to such a pass. The rumours and reports had been right, after all. It was to be a great strife—a great test of who was to conquer—money or muscle, riches or bread.

She let herself in with trembling fingers and crept up to her bedroom. Zoe was asleep, and, without waking her, Grace slipped into bed, and, worn out by her vigil of the night, was soon lost in the land of dreams. When she awoke the sun was shining. She sat up, and for a moment could not remember what had happened. She looked at her watch, and saw with surprise that it was four o'clock. She must have slept for hours. What would they think of her in the paint-room?

And then as she began to dress she wondered if anyone would be at the pottery to-day. Surely if matters were as bad as the woman in the street had told her, there would be no more work for some time.

Before she had finished dressing Zoe burst into the room, and then, seeing Grace, stood still with wide-open eyes and blank consternation written on every line of her face.

"Grace—Grace!" she gasped. "What does it mean?"

Grace looked at her in wonder.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked. "What's the matter?"

For a moment Zoe did not answer. She leaned against the door, her face white and wondering, her lips parted, her eyes big with surprise.

"How did you get here?" she gasped.

"I came in early this morning," Grace answered. "You were asleep; I didn't like to wake you."

"Yes—yes. I know that; but now, I mean now! How did you get back from the market-place first? And—and you're not dressed!"

Grace looked at her almost angrily. What was the matter with the heavy lady? Surely she had taken leave of her senses.

"What do you mean, Zoe?" she asked. "I haven't been out since this morning."

Zoe Galbraith took a step forward, favoured her friend with a long stare of mingled wonder and reproof, and then sat down helplessly on the edge of the bed and began to laugh. Grace began to feel nearly angry; she sat down beside her and firmly grasped her by the arm.

"Zoe—Zoe! Look at me. What's the matter with you? What are you talking about?"

The heavy lady's laugh died away in a sort of hysterical sob.

"I don't know," she answered. "I suppose I'm mad. It's enough to turn anyone mad. I thought I should be killed. Grace, what did we stop in this miserable place for? They're a lot of devils, and the police—and the soldiers!"

She hid her face in her hands and moaned.

"The police—the soldiers!" Grace repeated. "Has there been more trouble? Have they been fighting?"

"You know they have," was the reply.

"I didn't know. How could I?" Grace said, and then, rather to herself than to Zoe, she cried: "Why couldn't they have waited a little longer? Just a week, until this meeting with the owners took place. They've ruined everything now."

"Some of them—women mostly—fought like demons," Zoe said, looking up excitedly. "The soldiers didn't interfere for a long time, but the police were very rough with them. When they started hurling stones, the soldiers cleared the square. A stone grazed my hand—look." She raised her arm as she spoke and showed Grace a nasty red scar across the knuckles. "I got so frightened I didn't know what to do. I don't think I should ever have got home if I hadn't met Mr. Desmond."

"Mr. Desmond? You met him?"

"Yes, and just as the crowd were being swept along he managed to get me into a doorway in a side street, or I should have been killed."

"Poor Zoe!"

"And while we were standing there," Zoe went on, "we

saw you being carried along by a lot of men. We heard them cheering you, and Mr. Desmond got quite excited. He left me for a moment to try and get a better look at you, and when he came back he said: 'She's wonderful—wonderful!' Grace—what's the matter?"

Zoe sprang to her feet in alarm, for Grace had risen from the bed and was standing before her, swaying slightly to and fro, as if she were about to fall. Her eyes were closed, and all the colour had forsaken her cheeks and lips.

"Grace! Grace dear, what is it?"

Zoe slipped her arms about her friend and tried to draw her back on to the bed. "The Theatre Lady" opened her eyes and laughed. It was a strange mockery of mirth—a laugh that made Zoe shiver and grow afraid.

"Thief—thief—thief!" she heard Grace mutter. "Hasn't she stolen enough from me already? Is she going to take away these people from me, too?"

"Hush, dear; hush! What are you saying?" Zoe whispered. "You're tired. Lie down a little while."

Grace pulled herself together with an effort and tried her best to hide the excitement that tingled through every vein in her body.

"No—I'm all right, dear; don't be frightened," she said, with a smile. "So Mr. Desmond brought you home?"

"Yes," answered Zoe, still watching Grace anxiously.

"He wants to see you. Of course, he thought you wouldn't be back for some time, so he asked if he might wait."

"Is he downstairs?"

"Yes."

Grace's mind was working rapidly. She was trying to think what it was best to do.

"I'll see him," she said suddenly. "Run down, dear, and tell him I won't be a minute. I'll just finish dressing."

Zoe went thoughtfully out of the room and down the stairs. Why did Desmond want to see Grace? Why did Grace grow suddenly alert and anxious when she heard that Desmond was downstairs? Why did everything and everybody centre round Grace Willoughby?

The heavy lady set her teeth firmly and went into the sitting-room.

And up above Grace Willoughby with trembling fingers was fastening on her dress. The room seemed to swim about her; a thousand lights were dancing before her, dazzling her—almost blinding her.

Dorothy Blessington was in Banley—Dorothy Blessington the thief!

What had she come for? What had drawn her hither?

Had she heard that Grace was "The Theatre Lady"? Had she come after Harry Desmond? Or was there another reason—could it be that her . . .

"The Theatre Lady" fled from the room and from her own thoughts, and with beating heart hurried down the stairs to the room below.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

*"Trust in thine own untried capacity
As thou wouldst trust in God Himself."*

As Grace entered the sitting-room Harry Desmond rose from his chair and, with hand outstretched, came forward to meet her.

"I'm so sorry to have troubled you now," he said, "but I wanted particularly to see you, so I asked Miss Galbraith if I might wait until you came in. You see, we didn't dream that you would be home yet."

He paused, expecting her to answer, but she was silent, and as Desmond took her hand to shake it he noticed with surprise how cold it was.

"You were lucky to get away so soon," he went on. "But you must be absolutely worn out with what you have been through."

"I am a little tired," Grace answered slowly.

She knew that Zoe's eyes were on her, although she did not look in the heavy lady's direction.

"Well—the crash has come now in real earnest," Desmond said, "and I'm afraid it is as bad, if not worse, than people anticipated. It was an ugly sight to-day—don't you think so?"

It was on the tip of Grace's tongue to say that she had seen nothing of the fracas in the streets, but she remembered in the nick of time that such an admission would necessitate explanations, which could not be made while Zoe was in the room.

She glanced nervously at the heavy lady. Zoe was standing by the window, with her hands clasped behind her and a dreamy, far-away look clouding her big black eyes.

"Yes—it is very terrible," Grace answered dully. "I wish they could have waited."

"It was bound to come," Desmond said.

"But they might have waited until the big meeting next week," "The Theatre Lady" cried. "The whole thing might have been arranged. I cannot believe that when the masters were brought face to face with the needs and wants and misery of the poor people upon whom they depend that they would not recognise the necessity, if not the justice, in giving way in some small degree."

The journalist shook his head and smiled sadly. Grace's earnestness surprised and attracted him, but he knew that her enthusiasm made her over- sanguine.

"I'm afraid that the meeting will do more harm than good," he said doubtfully. "With the people in their present frame of mind, it will act only as an irritant. It may present to their heated nature the opportunity for a great and terrible vengeance. By the way, it was about that meeting that I wanted to see you, in case you had not heard the news."

He noticed that Grace's eyes were still fixed on Zoe, and he allowed his own to turn inquiringly in the same direction. Together they looked in silence for a moment, and then instinct caused the heavy lady to start and turn.

Zoe had been far away in that land of dreams where of late she had spent so much of her time. Just then she had been sitting on the edge of a wood by the banks of a laughing, tumbling stream. It had been something like the wood and river that she and Grace and the Spider had found, but it was far, far more beautiful. She had not been alone then, either, but her companions were neither Grace nor the Spider. Someone else had been sitting by her side, holding her hand, and together they had listened to the lazy droning of the summer's day.

As she turned and saw Grace and Desmond watching her she flushed hotly. It almost seemed to her as if they had trespassed on her fairyland, as if they had guessed her inmost thoughts.

"I'm going out," she said suddenly. "I expect the streets are quiet enough now."

"It isn't safe, Zoe; you mustn't."

"Oh! I won't go far," the heavy lady answered. "They won't notice me. I'm not 'The Theatre Lady,' you know." She smiled faintly, and added: "Besides, you two want to talk."

"Indeed, no!" Desmond protested. "Please don't go away on that account. I only want to tell Miss Smith about this mass meeting."

Zoe shook her head and walked to the door.

"I'm afraid the mass meeting doesn't interest me," she said almost defiantly. "I'm no good at anything like this. I oughtn't to be here at all really. I ought to be back on the boards again—it's the only thing I'm fit for."

Without another word she went out and closed the door, leaving the other two dumb with surprise.

"Have we offended her?" Desmond asked.

Grace shook her head.

"I can't understand her," she said. "She has had a lot of trouble, I know. She seems to think that no one wants her, and when others are here she always tries to steal away."

Desmond's face looked grave and serious.

"Poor girl!" he said in a low voice. "We got on so well this afternoon, in spite of the danger we were running. She seemed in a way to enjoy it all until we saw you being carried past by the crowd. I left her for a moment there, and when I returned she was as silent as the grave. I couldn't get her to talk at all. It was almost as if she resented my leaving her to look at you as you were carried past."

Something in his words caused Grace to start. Surely the fancy that had for an instant passed through her mind was a foolish one. Zoe jealous—Zoe who had no heart.

"I couldn't help dashing after you then," Desmond continued. "I was more than ever overwhelmed by the wonderful likeness. And you were wearing a dress just like hers—not the one you have on now."

Grace turned away from him and leaned her arm on the mantelpiece. She must tell him what had happened. He must know the truth.

"I was not out this afternoon," she said slowly, deliberately. "I have been in the entire day."

She waited nervously, expecting him to cry out in his surprise; but he made no sound, and when Grace turned he was leaning heavily against the table, his face an ashen grey and his eyes dulled with the shock of what he had heard.

"It's true—it's true!" "The Theatre Lady" cried fiercely. "It wasn't me—I was at home—you never saw me at all, I tell you!"

And yet he seemed incapable of grasping the truth. His eyes stared at her stupidly, and the colour came and went in his cheeks. Presently he spoke faintly, like a man struggling for his breath:

"You were not there? It was not you?"

"No—I was at home."

Desmond came towards her quickly and roughly seized her hands in his.

"Then it was Dorothy—Dorothy!" he cried.

"I don't know."

"Who else could it be? Who else but you or Dorothy?"

"It was not me—I swear it."

Desmond sank heavily into a chair and passed his hand across his eyes.

"What has she come to Banley for?" he murmured.

"I can't say. That is what I have been wondering ever since Zoe told me what had happened. Has she—has she come to see you?"

Desmond shook his head.

"No," he answered shortly; "I am sure that is not the reason."

"Then she has come to steal!"

The firmer note in Grace's voice caused the journalist to look up suddenly into her face. He saw there a look that he had never seen in Dorothy. It was a look full of strength and anger and passion—the look of a hunted woman turned at bay.

"She has come to steal the little that is left me!" she whispered. "She stole my place in the world, she stole his love, and now she has come here to take away the love that these poor folk have given me. It is all I have, but she will take it. She is stronger, cleverer than I am. She will take all. She will leave me nothing—nothing!"

She sank into a chair by the table and buried her face in her hands. It was the end of all things—her punishment, the far-reaching hand of a relentless justice. When happiness had been well within her grasp, she had not troubled

to reach out her hand to take it. When love had knocked at the door, she had not listened. Then Dorothy Blessington had come and stepped between her and the light—a light that Grace knew not until she found herself lost in the darkness. She had struggled to regain that which she had lost, and now, when the possibilities of happiness seemed to be once more drawing near, Dorothy had come back to snatch them out of her reach.

She brushed the angry tears away from her eyes and looked across at Desmond.

"Forgive me," she sobbed. "I am weak—foolish. She is your friend. I ought to have remembered."

"I wonder if she is my friend?" said Desmond. "If she has come to steal . . ."

"Oh! Please . . . I was talking wildly. You can't understand all that I feel. Perhaps some day you will, and then you won't judge me too harshly."

He looked at her kindly and answered:

"I should like to understand it all, if you would care to trust me."

"I do trust you—I have trusted you," Grace cried. "No one in all the world knows our secret but you."

"And I will keep it until you wish me to speak," Desmond answered earnestly. "But now what are we to do? One of us must see Dorothy—don't you think so?"

For a moment Grace did not reply. She was rapidly turning over in her mind what an interview with Dorothy Blessington would mean. She felt at that moment that she was not strong enough to face such an ordeal.

"I suppose so," she answered. "But I am afraid."

"I will see her," Desmond said firmly. "I will see her to-night."

He looked at the flushed, tearful face before him, and then, as if carried away by some impulse of the moment, he stretched out his hand and touched Grace's arm.

"Why do you fear Dorothy Blessington so?" he asked.

"Why?"

"Yes. You are stronger—you have the advantage in every way. Dorothy as I know her could never take your place in Banley. I—I cannot understand how she took your place before."

Grace stared at him with wonder in her heart—a wonder that his words seemed to turn to joy.

"You cannot understand!" she repeated.

"No. There is something about you—I cannot describe it—that Dorothy never has had. It is the one difference between you—but it is a great difference, believe me."

Grace turned away to hide from him the emotion that she felt he must see in her face. She to possess something that Dorothy lacked! Why—during those days in Sanctuary Bay, that seemed so long ago, it had been the other way. Had she since then found that which she had sought? She remembered that indescribable something in Dorothy which she had longed to possess. Had she unconsciously gained it?

"Your great chance will come to-morrow—at the big meeting."

Desmond's voice startled her. Lost in the excitement of her own thoughts, she had almost forgotten his presence.

"To-morrow!" she said with surprise. "It is fixed for next week."

"No. That is what I came to tell you. This sudden turn affairs have taken has caused an alteration. Like drowning men they are clinging desperately to this last straw. They have fixed the meeting for to-morrow, in the hope of settling things at the eleventh hour. But I'm afraid it will only make matters all the worse."

He paused, and looked at her earnestly.

"Miss Smith, in the event of danger, you may be able to do much. You have a great hold on the people's hearts—they will listen to you."

"I will do my best," she answered. "But I am on the people's side."

"I know. I was only thinking of the possibility of bloodshed. The owners and directors who are to be present arrive to-night. Here are a few of the names. I got this handbill at the station."

He handed Grace a piece of yellow paper, which notified in wretched black type the alteration of the date of the meeting to be held at the theatre.

As Grace glanced at it she grew suddenly pale. The first words that caught her eye were these:

"Among the speakers will be—"

"Frank Willoughby, Esq."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"No one can be more wise than destiny."

DOROTHY BLESSINGTON darted up the dark staircase into her bedroom and locked the door after her, breathless and terrified.

Outside the air still rang with the shrieks of the crowd. Hoarse cries, oaths, screams of anger and derision, cheers, groans—all added to the uproar. The smouldering fires of Banley, nurtured and fanned by the breath of poverty and discontent, had at last broken out into one vast sheet of

flame, which threatened to devour in its fierceness all who stood within its reach.

And in the very centre of this hotbed of danger Dorothy Blessington found herself. What was more disconcerting, she was not merely a disinterested onlooker, but one who, against her will, was destined to play an important part in the grim tragedy Fate had penned.

As she lay on the bed, struggling to regain her lost breath, she reviled the weakness and folly that had prompted her to ever leave London. She had no liking for Fate's tragedy. She shuddered as she looked at the scenery wherein it was to be presented. The dull brick buildings, the grey potteries and black pit-shafts, the barren hills with their mockery of trees and grass. She trembled as she listened to the lines that Fate had written, and which at that very moment were being tossed to and fro on the air from the throats of those without. And she hid her face with fear as she recalled to mind the faces of the players.

Faces that had leered up into hers out of the noisy turmoil of the streets; faces pinched by hunger and grown hideous with rage and passion; faces that laughed and cried and shrieked and cursed; faces that looked on in horror; and faces on which fear had stamped his mask.

Why had she come to Banley? Partly because Desmond had aroused her interest, and partly because she had been strangely attracted by his description of "The Theatre Lady."

She had no doubt in her mind now who this "Theatre Lady" was. The dawning suspicions had been changed into a terrible certainty the moment the crowd had swept her from off her feet and had carried her shoulder high through the crowded market-square.

She had been almost certain before that. When she had come to this miserable, cheap hotel, and had engaged a bedroom, she had noticed the look of surprise on the manager's face, and had seen how the servants eyed her and whispered together excitedly.

How she ever got away from the crowd she could not remember. She had tried in vain to tell them of their mistake, but they would neither listen nor understand.

She sat up on the bed and pressed her hands convulsively against her breast. The uproar was increasing in the streets—the noise was horribly deafening, terrifying. Dorothy slipped from the bed, and, stealing across the room, peered fearfully from the window. She dared not show herself, but crouched down in a corner, with her head just raised above the window-sill.

The street was absolutely thronged with a seething mob. Like a great human sea they surged to and fro, breaking in angry waves against the walls and houses. And more awful than the voice of any tempest were the voices of rage and hunger that were flung upwards in the air.

Dorothy crouched there by the window spellbound and cold with fear. That tossing sea of angry faces fascinated her. Her eyes grew big, and seemed almost to stand from her head as she watched; her ears tingled as she listened to the thunder of the voices. And every now and again she heard a voice louder than the rest cry:

"The Theatre Lady! The Theatre Lady! Come out! Fetch her down again!"

Then suddenly the crowd surged towards the hotel doors, and Dorothy drew back from the window with a gasp of fear. What if they broke in here and carried her out again into that pandemonium? She could not face it—she felt that she would die of fear.

Suddenly a shout went up, louder and more terrifying than all the others in its strength and fury, and Dorothy once more crawled to the window and looked down.

"Ere they come! The soldiers!"

Into the street from the further end swept a line of horsemen. Dorothy saw from their strangely-shaped hats and nodding aigrettes that they belonged to some regiment of hussars. They carried their drawn swords in their hands, but beyond an occasional threat they did not use them. At their head rode a young officer, who instantly caught Dorothy's attention. His face was very white, and she could see even from a distance how firmly his teeth were clenched and how he gripped the sword in his hand. As Dorothy watched him, she wondered if he were afraid. It needed nerve to ride down that street just then and face those seething ranks of rage and desperation.

Inch by inch the soldiers pressed the crowd back. Occasionally the blade of an upraised sabre would flash as it caught the rays of the setting sun. Once a woman with a child hanging on her arm darted almost from under the feet of the horses, and, shaking her fist, spat out her wrath at one of the soldiers. The man said something in return and laughed, and Dorothy saw the young officer turn and reprimand him.

Slowly the hussars were clearing the street, when just as they came abreast of the hotel a perfect shower of sticks and stones hurled by the mob enveloped them. Dorothy held her breath as she saw a great red stain stand out suddenly on the white cheek of the young officer, and she noticed the horse rear and the men shorten their bridle reins.

The officer turned in his saddle, and Dorothy heard his voice, clear and ringing above the uproar, cry:

"Steady, men; steady!"

Then on they went again, pressing the crowd backward, until at length they turned the further corner of the street, and Dorothy heard the angry voices growing fainter and fainter until they were nothing more than a murmur born on the evening air.

And still she cowered by the window, transfixed and terrified by what she had seen.

Then, as her shaken nerves began to grow steady once again, she wondered what she had better do. To stay in Banley under existing circumstances would be madness. It might be all right for Grace Willoughby, but not for her.

She marvelled as she thought of Grace—Grace, the spoiled child, with whom she had bathed only a few months ago, and who had known nothing of the world and its ways of sorrow and pain. Was it possible that this same Grace had become the idol of the rough, uncouth men and women who dwelt in this valley of toil?

(Another long instalment next week.)

SUMMER HOLIDAYS . . .

A Splendid Selection of Seaside and Country Apartments appear daily in the . . .

Daily Express

London's Great Halfpenny Morning Paper.

The "Daily Express" is on sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents throughout the Country.

NOT WORTH TAKING.

A WORTHY Lancashire gentleman was awakened from his slumbers in the middle of the night by the policeman's call. On going downstairs he found that his hall door had been left unlocked, and the policeman was on guard in the open doorway.

The gentleman in his hurry had only put on a dressing-gown and a pair of trousers, but, of course, he did the best thing possible under the circumstances, and put his hand into his trouser pocket for a two-shilling piece, which he was lucky enough to find.

"Thank you," said the policeman, with the bull's-eye on the outstretched hand, "but we are not allowed to receive anything."

And the gentleman did not understand until his eye caught the colour of the coin, which proved to be a penny.

The policeman had looked the gift horse in the mouth.

The other day a young lady got into a rather crowded tramcar, and was obliged to sit next to an old gentleman not of an over-clean type.

When the conductor came to the lady for her fare, she exclaimed, frantically: "Oh, I have been robbed. I have got nothing in my pocket but a piece of string, some orange peel, and an old knife."

"Madam," said the old gentleman, in a deep voice, "would you please take your hand out of my pocket."

A GENTLEMAN was walking over London Bridge one day, when he stooped and picked up a coin. Immediately a man came up and said he had just lost it.

"Do you really mean to say you have lost a sixpence?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," replied the other.

"Then I hope you will find it," said the gentleman.

"It was a shilling I picked up."

IT ALL DEPENDED.

THE post-office clerk was not really a stony-hearted wretch, but he had had almost every kind of idiot pestering him that day. And now beautiful Miss Sweetman approached him with a becoming blush.

"I want to know," she said, "how long it will be before I get a reply to this letter."

"All depends," he said wearily. "If he's in prison they'll only let him write once a week, and if it's a long term, once a month. If he's dead broke he'll have to wait until he can raise the price of a stamp; if he's ill in bed, possibly he won't like dictating to a third person, and if it's smallpox they won't let him write at all. Then again, he may have a new girl, and—"

But with a frown of infinite displeasure the beautiful Miss Sweetman flounced out.

"And that is the kind of person," mused the post-office man, "who writes to the papers to complain of the discourtesy of public servants."

Strength and a Good Figure Restored by Antipon.

MEN and women of handsome presence and correct proportions are sometimes alarmed by an almost inexplicable tendency to put on flesh to excess. This unwelcome development usually occurs somewhere about middle age, sometimes earlier. There should be really no cause to worry about the sudden symptoms of obesity, but the unfortunate part is that the sufferers too often fly to remedies that are worse than the disease. They adopt, perhaps, one of the old-time methods of reducing weight, which are based on semi-starvation and drugs, sweating, and the constant use and abuse of cathartics. Such methods undoubtedly will reduce weight very considerably, but at what a cost! Impoverished health, lost strength, enfeebled vitality, are the sure results if such methods are persisted in, often to the extent of lasting constitutional weakness. If, on the other hand, the pernicious remedies be abandoned through sheer necessity of recuperating strength, the fat-development to excess quickly asserts itself again as soon as rational meals are resumed. The reason of this is that the old discredited methods of reducing weight never succeeded in destroying the tendency to obesity without thoroughly undermining the constitution.

Contrast these methods and remedies (sic) with the now famous Antipon treatment. The latter is tonic and strengthening, improves the condition of the whole organism, destroys the abnormal tendency to put on flesh, and relies on plenty of wholesome food as its sole helper in its beneficent work. There are no unpleasant dietary restrictions to observe. The Antipon treatment means, in effect: Feed well and get thin. This is no paradox, as will be seen. Antipon is a very powerful fat-absorbent as well as an invaluable tonic. Its tonic properties are especially beneficial to the digestive system. A keen appetite is promoted, and the processes of digestion and assimilation are perfected. It is, then, obvious that wholesome, well-digested food taken in ample quantity will enrich the blood hitherto vitiated and weakened by the presence of floating fatty matter and other impurities. Thus muscular development is resumed. The muscles, once flabby with fatty "infiltration," become firm and strong; the limbs shapely and well-knit. All the tissues of the body share in the reinvigoration—nerve tissue, brain tissue, bone tissue. The new, rich blood is veritably a new fountain of life,

and the subject soon looks and feels healthier, stronger—in a word, younger.

Antipon not only removes all the superabundant surface fat that in some cases is positively unsightly; it absorbs all the dangerous deposits of superfluous and diseased internal fat that have such a harmful effect upon the heart, liver, and kidneys, impeding the healthy action of those organs. The lungs have free play once more, and breathing becomes healthy and natural. The circulation is strengthened. These facts are vouched for by hundreds of grateful persons, whose letters can be seen at the offices of the Antipon Company.

The great reductive powers of Antipon are made manifest within twenty-four hours of taking the first dose, when from 8oz. to 3lb. decrease of weight will be recorded by the weighing machine, if that test be used, as is always advisable. The subsequent daily reduction is steady to the end of the course, and as soon as normal weight and dimensions are restored the doses may be discontinued, for, as we have stated, the tendency to further excessive fat-formation is obliterated. Antipon is in every respect an ideal home treatment for the permanent cure of obesity, and can be followed in the strictest privacy; no second person need be aware that any special treatment is being undergone. Antipon is a refreshingly tart liquid of purely herbal ingredients, is absolutely harmless, and causes no functional disorder whatsoever, being neither aperient nor the opposite.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on remitting amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, 13 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

PAINS AND PENALTIES OF OVER-STOUTNESS.

A Permanent Remedy.

"Don't get too stout" seems queer advice to a good many men and women who, alarmed at the rapid increase of weight and size, have tried many remedies without any better result than a temporary check to the unwelcome growth. But "Don't get too stout" is very good advice when it is coupled with the recommendation—as it now generally is—to adopt the famous Antipon treatment for the permanent cure of obesity. Old-time methods of reducing weight by semi-starvation, sweating, purging, and drugging do more harm than good. The temporary decrease they bring about is only the result of the weakness they cause; and when the patient, exhausted beyond endurance by these drastic methods, is compelled to take a little nourishing food, the fat

seems instantly to resume its abnormal development. The Antipon treatment, discovered after years of patient investigation, is based on the common-sense notion that food is as necessary to the body as is fuel to the fire; and that while the system is being relieved of the unwholesome accumulations of superfluous and diseased fatty matter, strength and vitality must be not only maintained, but increased, in order to bear the strain. That is rational and scientific. Well then, Antipon performs a dual duty as a fat-absorbent and a tonic in one. Its tonic action is of the highest importance, because appetite is increased and digestion assisted; so that the large amount of food consumed goes to replenish the vital forces, to enrich the blood, to activate the circulation, to develop muscle, nerve, bone, and brain tissue. "But," one may ask, "does not this extra food increase the fatty excess?" Certainly not. While the unwholesome fatty matter is being thrown out of the system, Antipon, by its unique action, is gradually destroying the tendency to get fat. Once the weight is reduced to the normal and the whole body to symmetrical proportions, there is no need for further alarm, and the doses of Antipon may be abandoned.

The pains and penalties of over-stoutness are many. Gout, rheumatism, indigestion, constipation, depression, difficult breathing, sluggish liver—a whole host of complaints, if not actually caused by extreme obesity, are undoubtedly aggravated by it. The gravest danger arises from the excessive deposits of fat, which interfere with the natural action of the vital organs, especially the heart, the muscles of which become flabby. That is what is called "fatty degeneration of the heart," which may end fatally. Antipon soon absorbs these abnormal deposits, and the organs once more act as Nature intended they should act.

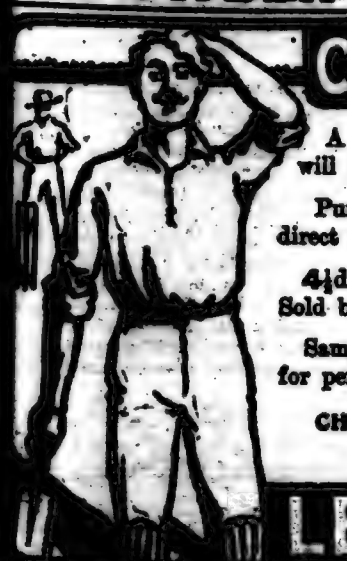
The reduction of weight is observable within 24 hours of commencing the Antipon treatment. From 8oz. to 3lb. is the result in that period. Then day by day there is a certain decrease until the subject is satisfied that normal conditions of weight and dimensions have been arrived at. The decrease is admirably proportioned, not merely abdominal.

Antipon is pleasant in every way. A palatable and refreshing liquid, taken in small doses, it contains only the most harmless vegetable substances, and never causes the slightest trouble, stomachic or other.

Colonial readers of *Pearson's Weekly* will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by wholesale druggists in Australasia, South Africa, Canada, India, etc., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local chemist or stores.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

BORWICK'S
The best
Baking
Powder
in the
World.



DO YOU WANT A BICYCLE?

There's now no need to pay money for a bicycle. You can buy a LANCER CYCLE, which is a first-class Coventry-made machine direct from works for 24/6, or you can pay 12/6 monthly. Send for Catalogue and convince yourself. Although you pay only 24/6 for the bicycle you get a lot more satisfaction. 1 Year Warranty. Carriage paid on approval. Lancer Cycle Co., Dept. A-4, Coventry.

TIRED MEN.

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me, and I will send you a book which shows how every man, young and old, may be quickly and thoroughly cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINES or DRUGS. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for two stamps. Mention this Paper.—A. J. LEIGH, 25 and 26 Great Russell Street, London, W.C. Over almost years' successful results.

RED NOSES

Permanently Cured and Restored to their Natural Colour in a few days by a simple home treatment. Particulars free. Enclose stamp to pay postage. Mr. R. H. THORPE (Specialist), 7, Park Place, Garsby St., London.

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Guaranteed Free from Acid.

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First in
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to be missed.

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WAITS FOR LIST.

(Desk 22) STAR CYCLE CO. LTD.,
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Think?

of your
future, or of
what wages you
could earn if you
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How? By training you in POST, direct
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ampton St., London,
London.

THE FAMOUS
Mab Razor
The description given of the little "MAB" razor is sufficient to show that it is the most perfect razor in the world. It is made by the famous
DUNN, Black Handle, No. 64.
"MAB SPECIAL," Narrow Blade No. 65.
MAB Co., Newtown Street, BIRMINGHAM.

BLUSHING

FREE to all sufferers, particularly of a proved home
treatment that quickly removes all con-
ditions of the face and neck. Enclose stamp to pay
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CAKEOMA

Cake-making
is easy now,
so easy that even a
child can make the
daintiest, tastiest cakes
without assistance.
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possible. CAKEOMA is the
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GOLD-MEDAL-CAKE-FLOUR

THINGS A
WOMAN WANTS
TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Veal Cutlets.

Salt and pepper both sides of the cutlets and spread melted butter on both sides. Put on a greased gridiron and broil. Baste now and then with melted butter, turn three or four times, and when done serve with a good thick gravy.

Make Arrowroot for a Sick Person

By working a tablespoonful of arrowroot into a smooth paste with a tablespoonful of brandy, or cold water, add boiling water gradually till it becomes a thick jelly, turn into a stewpan, and stir while the mixture simmers for a few minutes. Sweeten with loaf sugar, and serve with a little cream. (Reply to NURSE EVA.)

To Cure Bloaters

Proceed as follows: The fish are spread on a floor and sprinkled with salt. When salted sufficiently they are washed in vats. The fish are then threaded through the gills in long spits holding two or three dozen. These are hung in the smoking-room, where fires of oak-boughs are kept smouldering. In about twenty-four hours the fish will be sufficiently smoked. (Reply to E. F. SEXTLAND.)

A Useful Frying Batter

For fish, vegetables, or meat is made as follows:—Mix four ounces of flour with a tablespoonful of salad oil till quite a smooth paste, adding by degrees one gill of water, and allow it to stand in a cool place for an hour or two. When required for use whip the whites of eggs to a very stiff froth and add them as lightly as possible to the mixture. Dip the slices of meat or fish into this, lift out with a fork, and drop into boiling fat.

Fried Bacon and Cabbage

Prepared thus is very good fare for hot days:—Cut the bacon into rashers, boil the cabbage and drain it. Fry the bacon and when cooked put it on to a very hot dish. Put some chopped cabbage into the frying-pan, add plenty of pepper, fry in the bacon fat and then place round the bacon. Put about an average tablespoonful of vinegar into the pan, give it a boil up, and pour it over the bacon. Scatter chopped parsley over and send to table very hot.

Cook Lambs' Hearts

By this recipe, and you will have a delicious dish:—Choose two fresh lambs' hearts, wash very carefully, and with sage and onion stuffing fill the cavity in each heart; then sew up. Bake for twenty minutes in a steady oven, basting constantly. Mash some potatoes, season rather highly, and mix with a little butter. Place two hearts on a dish, cover with the prepared potato, and bake till brown. Serve with a nice brown gravy and a green vegetable. Those who object to the shape of the heart showing, should cut it in slices one inch thick before roasting, place in a pie-dish, and cover with the potatoes.

Hamburg Steak

Comes in usefully in hot weather when we cannot hang meat long. Take a pound of meat from the round and chop it finely, adding salt, pepper, four drops of onion extract, a little chopped parsley, and if liked a little thyme and marjoram. Mix well and with the hand press into small steaks. Melt one ounce of butter in a frying-pan and when heated put in the steaks, let these cook slowly until done half-way through, turn over and cook equally the other side. The butter remaining should measure a tablespoonful and will of course be brown; add a tablespoonful of flour, and stir till smooth, pour in a teaspoonful of stock, and continue stirring till all thickens. Take from the fire, add a tablespoonful of catsup, season with pepper, salt, and chutney, and serve with the steaks. (Reply to CATHERINE OF MEN.)

Raspberry Syrup.

Take any quantity of perfectly ripe fruit, freed from stalks. Place it in a large bowl and crush with a wooden spoon. After the fruit is mashed let it stand for three or four hours, then strain it through a flannel bag into a china lined preserving pan. Dissolve half an ounce of citric acid in three ounces of water, and add this to every gallon of juice. Crush preserving sugar and add thirteen pounds of it to every gallon of liquid, place the pan on a slow fire and stir till the sugar is dissolved, taking the greatest care that it doesn't boil. Remove from the fire and when cold bottle and cork tightly. Should the syrup be too thick for use it may always be reduced with water. (Reply to W. B. T.)

PRETTY BLOUSES FOR GROWING GIRLS.

No matter what the season, suggestions for pretty blouses for the young people are always acceptable, especially as elbows have such an unhappy way of wearing through, and garments become torn so mysteriously during school days.

As regards make, there is a decided similarity between the two sketches shown here. Both these blouses have yoke backs and both are innocent of lining. The latter fact is certainly an advantage, for it means less work in making the blouses and far less work in getting them up.

When one bears in mind that No. 16137 is for a slightly older girl than No. 16136, it is not surprising to note that the former requires three-and-a-half yards of thirty-inch goods as compared with three yards needed for the latter.

In both instances the back yoke and the cuffs, as well as the front plait, must be formed of double material and outlined by a row of machine-stitching to give firmness. No difficulty need be anticipated in tucking No.

16136 correctly, as the position of each tuck is plainly indicated on the pattern. Please note, however, that this tucking must be done before the blouse is fitted, any superfluous material being taken in at under-arm and shoulder seams. In short, should the blouse prove to be large, the width of the tucks need not be increased in consequence.



No. 16136. (Age 12-14.)
No. 16137. (Age 14-16.)
Either Paper pattern, 6d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

LOVERS' SIGNS.

THE young people in Tahiti have a custom of conversing with flowers not unlike the Orientals. If a coolness has sprung up between a young pair, the lady will separate a flower partially down the centre.

One half of the split flower is intended to represent the man, and the other half the woman, and it is meant typically to imply that, though they are separate bodies, they are joined together at the heart. If the lover puts the flower in his hair, it is a sign that he wishes to preserve her favour, but if he tears it asunder, it is a token that he has lost his regard for her and wishes to be entirely separated.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WEDDING RING.

ACCORDING to legend, Jupiter sent to Prometheus in honour of his deliverance by Hercules, a ring in which was set a piece of the stone to which Prometheus had formerly been bound in chains.

In northern mythology the ring symbolises the bridge from this world to the next, or according to another idea the rainbow symbol of eternity. Hence it is plain that from most ancient times the ring was the symbol of remembrance and eternal recollection. Since the earliest days of Christianity the ring has been a precious means of faithfulness, the talisman of two souls forming a sacred life-union.

The custom of wearing the wedding-ring on the fourth finger of the left hand goes back for its origin to the Egyptians, from whom the Greeks borrowed the custom and handed it on to the Romans. The fourth finger was dedicated to Apollo, the sun god, and gold was an additional symbol of the sun. Besides, it was believed that Apollo's finger was connected by a nerve directly with the heart, and it was most appropriate that the sign of loving union should rest on this finger.

Another theory is that the ring was the sign of slavery, and was therefore worn on the left, the weaker hand. In Germany the engagement ring often serves for the wedding-ring also, being worn on the right hand until the marriage, when it is transferred to the left. In Spain the engagement ring is most ornate, and is invariably worn on the fourth finger of the right hand.

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

The Best Question is really a Great Social Problem.

It is very necessary that your shoe should not pinch, and that the foot should have free play in the work of supporting your body. Every step you take the foot has to support your entire weight, and is in consequence subjected to a pressure of, say, from eight to sixteen stone hundreds of times a day, according to your weight.

No boot should be worn more than two consecutive days, and then they should have two or three days' rest and air.

If you cannot afford to have four or five pairs going, the next best thing is to have a boot large enough to allow the slipping in of an inner sole, of which several pairs should be on hand and used alternately. They are cheap.

The great toe plays a leading part in pedal locomotion, while the smaller toes act as supports. In the healthy, well-formed foot the great toe lies flat along the ground pointing straight to the front, while the remaining toes lie close together slanting downwards in graceful curves and giving lateral support to the foot.

Square-toed boots are the best for walking, standing, and for general comfort. The arch of the foot is another particular item and very important.

Wear no boot that presses too tightly on the instep, for such pressure is very injurious to the foot and brings about disablement and fatigue in walking.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Rugs

Should not be shaken, but hung on a line in the open air and carefully beaten with a cane beater kept for the purpose.

White Straw Hats.

I fear, will always turn yellow when exposed to the sun and light. I regret there is no cure for yours. (Reply to H. OBERLEY.)

Paraffin Spilt on a Stone Floor

May be removed by rubbing bath-brick over the mark and letting it stay till next day, then wash in the usual way, and the floor will be perfectly clean.

Simple Tonic for the Hair.

Put a teaspoonful of salt in half a pint of water, and rub a little on the scalp every day with a small sponge. The effect at the end of a month is astonishing. (Reply to HINTON READER.)

To Prevent Polished Ironwork from Rusting.

Mix some copal varnish with as much olive oil as will make it greasy, to which add nearly as much spirits of turpentine, and apply. (Reply to BOURNEMOUTH READER.)

To Destroy Ants.

Note the hole or crack through which they make their appearance, drop in some quicklime, and then pour in a little boiling water. Strong tobacco water poured in their haunts will also effectively destroy ants.

Eggs

Cooked gently and just long enough to coagulate their albumen without toughening it are the most digestible food in the list of animal products. If cooked in a low temperature for ten to fifteen minutes the white of the egg is delicious, and is like a tender jelly, which is appreciated by the invalid and robust persons equally.

Hot Water

As a beverage is greatly appreciated in China. It would be well if such a simple drink were to become popular with us, for, while it is not unpleasant to take, it promotes secretion better than cold, and is at all times a stimulant of no mean value. Taken the last thing at night and in the early morning hot water greatly relieves those who have gouty symptoms.

To Clean Wall-Paper.

Use the bread that has stood in a dry place for nearly a week. As soon as the surface is soiled out it off. Wipe lightly down the paper, about half a yard at each stroke, until the upper part of the paper is completed all round. Then go round again, commencing each successive stroke a little higher than where the upper stroke finished, till all is done. (Reply to LORENZO.)

Wash the Cricketing Flannels thus.

And you will find that they do not shrink. Shred a piece of the best yellow soap, boil it in a quart of soft water. Have ready a tub full of warm, soft water, pour in the boiled soap, and make a good lather. Place the flannels to be washed into this, wash them thoroughly in it, but on no account rub soap on to them; rinse in warm water, wring and dry as quickly as possible in the open air, out of the hot sun. Iron when sufficiently dry with a cool iron. (Reply to PERKINS.)

The Special Summer Double Number.

HOME NOTES for this week is the Special Summer Double Number, and with it is given away the paper pattern of a useful bathing dress for an adult. It will contain six full-page illustrations of the newest summer fashions, some short complete stories, interesting articles under the title of "The Mother of the Man," dealing with the value of charity in the upbringing of children; "Minor Matters for Men," giving a design for a very useful luncheon box, which will meet with the approval of all who indulge often in picnics and various other out-of-door entertainments; Health and Beauty notes telling what to do when one has quinsy, nose troubles, etc., by Edwin Wootton; an interesting article on coloured Mount-Mellick Work, showing a new weaving stitch, and a very pretty design for a cushion cover, many very useful hints on cookery, dress-making, etc. Price twopenny. Published on Friday.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP CURES

All those disorders of the Stomach, Blood, and Nerves which result from indigestion—by curing the indigestion itself—by removing the cause of all the trouble. Some of these miserable and misery-making troubles are: Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches, Backache, Sleeplessness, Despondency, Intense Nervousness, Flatulency, Giddiness, Palpitation. This great Standard Remedy tones the whole system, purifies the Blood, braces up the Nerves, stimulates the action of the Liver, restores lost appetite and the power to sleep, and makes life worth living by those who had been in despair.

And it does all this by regulating and assisting the Stomach and Liver, so that good digestion is restored.

INDIGESTION

Mrs. Mary Chambers, of 82 Commercial Road, Grantham, on Nov. 28, 1905, wrote: "My husband and I have benefited so much from using Mother Seigel's Syrup that I must tell you about it. We have both suffered much from indigestion in time past, but we are quite well now, and the credit is all due to Mother Seigel's Syrup. I used to have such dreadful pains after food that I was really afraid to eat. When I did eat, the food seemed to turn to wind, and then the pain began—it was awful. I tried many things, but got no better until I took Mother Seigel's Syrup. My husband was affected in much the same way, but his suffering was perhaps severer than mine. However, knowing the value of Mother Seigel's Syrup, I got him to take it, and it cured him as it had cured me."

BILIOUSNESS

Mrs. Elizabeth Morley Robinson, of 1 Albert Street, Hucknall, Notts, began to suffer from indigestion six years ago. She could find no relief for six months. Then she used Mother Seigel's Syrup, and three bottles cured her. In a letter dated Nov. 27, 1905, she says:—"It came on first with a dull, spiritless feeling. I generally got up with my tongue all coated. Soon I began to have pain at the stomach after food, and this got worse and worse till it was really dreadful. I tried various things, and had endured this misery for six months or more when I first thought of trying Mother Seigel's Syrup. Well, it did me good from the first dose almost, and after three bottles I was quite cured."

CONSTIPATION

FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS THE WORLD'S REMEDY.

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

PLANTOL SOAP

AN ACHIEVEMENT IN SOAP-MAKING.

For delicate and sensitive skins
it has no peer.

Manufactured from
fruit and flowers,
it is guaranteed
free from animal fats.



A Toilet Treasure.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

The name LEVER on SOAP is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.



In the letter which I published last week from the Mysterious Millionaire, casual reference was made by him to "Brown of Brightlingsea." Since then I have been making investigations as to who this gentleman is, and I find that he is a wealthy American who lives on a yacht off the little Essex town of Brightlingsea. I at once dispatched Mr. P. Doubtless to see Mr. Brown, and the result of his experiences is given on another page. When you have read it you will realise that, eccentric as the Mysterious Millionaire may be, he is really not more so than Mr. Brown.

You will be interested to hear that the Mysterious Millionaire has unconsciously done a very good turn to a Sittingbourne correspondent. H. M. writes from that town to tell me that, although he has not himself been fortunate enough to sell his copy to the Mysterious Millionaire, he has discovered in the paper the name and address of his brother-in-law, whom he had been trying to find for the last five years. The brother-in-law in question had received 7s. 6d. for a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* from the M. M. Thus were members of a family not only benefited, but actually united by the kind offices of the Mysterious Stranger.

The other day I referred to the rough handling which a practical joker passing as the Mysterious Millionaire had at the hands of a crowd of people in Staines. This week a Wolverhampton reader tells me that he was walking along the road with a copy of *P.W.* in his hand, when a dude wearing a panama rode past on his bicycle. Suddenly he jumped off, walked across the road to my correspondent, and asked, "Do you read *Pearson's Weekly*?" My correspondent continues: "With visions of a crisp fiver, or a cow in a fancy waistcoat, chewing the cud of half a pound of tobacco, I replied eagerly, 'Yes, every week.' To which the funny man replied, 'So do I,' and rode away grinning. He got about sixty or seventy yards when I whistled to him, and, holding up my copy, signalled him to come back. 'By the way,' I remarked, 'you mention that you read *Pearson's Weekly*. As that is so, I suggest that you read it more carefully after this, and perhaps you may manage to get a little solid sense into that empty cranium of yours. Meanwhile, I will give you the soundest hiding you ever had in your life.' He turned very white and began to tremble; but before I could get my coat off he was on his bicycle, scudding along for dear life."

Two commercial travellers have been having an argument about our insurance scheme, and have asked me to settle it. One says that in the event of the death, in a railway accident, of a person who signed our insurance coupon and those of other papers issuing insurance policies, only one amount will be paid.

So far as *Pearson's Weekly* is concerned, the fact that the victim of a railway accident who had fulfilled the insurance conditions had also signed the insurance coupons of other papers, would have no effect upon the validity of his relatives' claim. The conditions of the *P.W.* insurance policy are carried out irrespective of what the other papers may do.

EVERYONE has heard of the Spanish prisoner trick. It seems that the fraud is being attempted in a different way. A Crowe correspondent, who does not wish his name divulged, tells me that the other day he received the following communication from a person residing in Barcelona: "Although I am only acquainted with you by the reference that my dear wife, a relative of yours, always gave me, when remembering the members of our family, she wondered the honesty and good feelings that distinguished you, I address myself to you for the first and perhaps the last time, because the graveness of my health compels me to make quick now my sad situation, and beg your help and protection for my only daughter Mary, a young girl, fourteen years old, who is now at Penmon, and inform you that my deceased wife was Mrs. Elizabeth B—." He goes on (says my correspondent) to say he is watched by his enemies, and prays me to keep his letter secret, and then enters into his escapades during the Cuban War, saying he was private secretary to General Mortimer Cowper, how he was arrested as a traitor on his return to Spain, and sentenced to sixteen years' penal servitude. He left, in England, stock worth £37,000, and placed it in an English bank, receiving a guarantee from them, and this guarantee is in a secret drawer in a portmanteau "so cleverly made that the keenest eye found it not out." He continues that I am the only one knowing the existence of the secret drawer, and says: "If you are so kind as to become

my daughter's protector, and advance the amount that I want to secure my luggage," and again prays me to be his daughter's support, to make her happy, for which he will bequeath to my profit the fourth part of all his stock as a reward for my bounty and protection, and that I must cable to "Jaime Funes, Pelayo 86, Barcelona, Spain. Await orders. B—." The particulars about my family are quite correct—even the name of my mother, which he gives. Of course, the whole thing is a palpable fraud, and I publish it in order to warn other readers who may receive a similar letter.

E. P. writes: "A friend of mine was present at a celebration of a golden wedding last week, and informs me that among the guests were the gentleman who acted as best man, and three ladies who acted as bridesmaids at the wedding. This remarkable incident seemed worthy of comment, and must establish a record." Can any reader tell of a case that beats this?

It seems that the information imparted in *Pearson's Weekly* is not only merely interesting, but is at times the means of actually saving life. A lady reader of Wolverhampton tells me that last year she and some friends were swimming in the sea, when two of them were carried away with the tide. They were brought back to the beach, and thought to be dead, when my correspondent, who had just recently read in Home Notes page of the method of resuscitating apparently drowned people, set to work, and by superhuman efforts, succeeded in saving the life of one of them.

GOTHIC asks if it is true that part of the dome of St. Paul's is made of paper. He is certain that one of the well-known domes in London is made of this material, and has heard it is St. Paul's.

No! Gothic. The dome you are thinking of is that of the Observatory at Greenwich, which is made of papier maché. This substance is chosen for its lightness, and the whole dome, including the steel framework, is only twenty tons in weight, and is so constructed that it can be revolved by a touch of the finger.

A DEVONIAN girl tells me that she had a very strong argument with one of the opposite sex on the question as to whether a dog may be "intellectual" as well as "intelligent." The dog in question belongs to my fair correspondent, and the other day she remarked that he was most "intellectual." In her own words: "I was immediately squashed by the man I was speaking to, and after a very heated discussion (as you know how men can so easily lose their argumentative powers), I decided to appeal to your decision." Although I must plead ignorance of the fact that men soon lose their argumentative power, I am quite willing to endeavour to show that my fair Devonian has some reason for regarding her dog as intellectual. The generally accepted derivation of the word "intellectual" is "the ability to think deeply." The word "intelligent" would be described as "endowed with reason." So far as human beings are concerned, there is a wide difference between an intelligent and an intellectual person. I am afraid that it would be a great effort of the imagination to convince oneself that a dog was intellectual, judged by the human standard. Opinions differ as to whether dogs can actually think and reason. If it is a fact that they do, then you might have, according to the canine standard, a dog who was intellectual—that is, a dog who thought more deeply than a merely intelligent dog. The use of the word "intellectual" in this case, however, would be merely for the purposes of comparison, and could not be applied in ordinary conversation.

THE special outing days for the FRESH AIR FUND for next week are: The Owl Day, July 17th; Unimil Kulu Hotel Day, July 17th; Katie Thomas Day, July 18th; "Berkley" Day, July 19th.

THE following subscriptions have come to hand for the FRESH AIR FUND:

Amount previously acknowledged: £1,554 11s. 9d.
Miss W. Sheppard, 1s.; Pradella, 2s.; C. L. B. Ripon, 1s. 6d.; W. F. A., 2s. 6d.; W. Hoggard, 1s. 6d.; Rev. Hubert and Mrs. Fox, 2s.; Anon., 2s.; Anon., 2s. 3d.; E. Brunker, 2s. 6d.; I. G. Leith, 10s.; N. E., 2s.; For Christ's Sake, 2s.; G. A. E. D., 10s.; H. G. L., 2s. 6d.; A. E. A., 1s. 6d.; A. P. E., 1s.; T. Riding, 2s.; Lady Stewart, 2s.; Mrs. A. L. Henley, 2s. 1s.; I. F. Hayes, 2s. 1s.; Alpha, Pretoria, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Exotic (Bristol), 1s.; Mrs. Bancroft, 5s.; F. S., 10s. 6d.; "Hong Kong," 2s.; S. M. H., 2s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; G. S., 4s.; A Country Reader, 2s.; Miss With, 12s. 6d.; B. B. B. E., 2s.; For Many Mercies, 2s.; T. A. (India), 10d.; S. V. Newton, 10s.; Kearry (Cape Town), 2s.; E. Kelly, 2s. 1s.; Ivolji, 2s. 6d.; Misses Viney, 2s.; Miss E. Saville, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Howard, 2s. 1s.; Anon., 2s.; L. E. Taylor, 2s.; Cranta, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. N. Walker, 2s.; "Bea," 10s.; E. C. Budd, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Lawlor, 10s.; E. B. Downing, 10s.; Anon., 2s.; Capt. H. Houghton, 2s.; E. A. B., 4s.; M. F. Beaton, 2s. 6d.; Clydesdale Harrier, 2s.; Miss A. Cochrane, 2s. 1s.; From a Friend, 2s.; Cyprus, 2s.; A. B. M. P., 4s.; Mr. and Mrs. Cope, 10s.; G. H. Watson, 1s.; F. F., 10s.; A. Noble, 1s. 6d.; Cyril, Vivienne, and Guy, 2s. 6d.; E. H., 2s.; M. J., 2s. 6d.; The Owl, 2s. 6d.; Fairholm, 2s.; K. A. Wolfe Barry, 2s.; For Two Miles, 1s. 6d.; Morton Smart, 10s.; A. Parker Keene, 7s. 6d.; Capt. G. J. Gould, 2s.; Florence, 4s. 6d.; Osone, 1s. 6d.; Miss M. Bull, 2s. 6d.; Sailors, 2s.; Working Ltd., 1s. 6d.; J. T. Kellett, 2s. 6d.; G., 2s. 1s.; P. E. Wilks, 1s. 6d.; D. Scott, 2s.; V. A. S., 2s.; Bon Ami, 2s.; Miss I. M. Hargreaves, 1s.; H. H. Stocks, 2s.; (Nurse) E. M., 2s.; Anon., 2s. 2s.; W. Balfour Gourlay, 2s. 1s.; Mac, 6d.; M. W., 1s. 10d.; Fred. M., 2s.; Robinson, 2s. 2s.; Ben, 2s. 6d.; F. and D. E., 2s.; J. W. Wright, 2s.; Mrs.

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S.S. Leander, per A. H. Patterson, 15s.; Canteen of H.M.S. *Fatic*, per Ernest Ward, 2s. 1s.; S.S. *Zestria*, per Capt. J. C. Badger, 2s.

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